LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

FASHIONS

For MARCH, 1808.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.—PROMENADE COSTUME FOR HYDE-PARK.

A round walking dress of white cambric, or brown velvet; made to sit close to the form; laced behind, and reaching to the edge of the throat, where it is finished with a broad plaiting of French net, or antique ruff of scolloped lace. Long full sleeves, trimmed at the edge of the wrist with correspondent cuff, and broad hair, or coral bracelet. A Zealand coat of ruby, purple, or crimson velvet, made without a collar; flowing loose from the shoulders, and tied or confined with a brooch in the centre of the bosom; ends rounded in front, and reaching the bottom of the petticoat behind; trimmed entirely round with a full and rich ermine. Turban hat of the same material as the coat, turned up all round, bordered with ermine, and tied round the crown with a figured satin ribband. Hair cropt behind, and flowing in irregular curls in front. Shoes of crimson velvet; and gloves of York tan.

TYROLIAN COSTUME.

No. 2.—A TYROLIAN HUNTER.

The Tyrolian mountaineers are passionately fond of the chase, and train their children to it. In every village there is a little square appropriated, where the young people practise shooting at a mark, as soon as they are able to carry a gun. The best marksmen among them frequently go to the different places in Germany where prizes for shooting are distributed, and never return till they have gained some. The pursuit of the chamois, which is allowed to be the most toilsome and difficult of all hunting, is that which has the greatest attraction for the Tyrolian. Lightly clad, wearing a large green hat to keep off the sun, his gun slung at his back like a soldier's musket, and a stick pointed with iron in his hand, he traverses the deepest valleys and the highest mountains, on which he often passes several days successively. His haversack, which is commonly covered with fur, and in which he carries his provisions, a small speaking-trumpet, and a pair of iron hooks, serves him also for a pillow by night. He makes use of the iron hooks in climbing the most rugged rocks; and being often obliged to go down them, or leap from one rock to another, he frequently finds it expedient to make a considerable incision in the soles of his feet, that the blood which comes from it may stick about them, and make a kind of paste to prevent his slipping.

No. 3.—A COUNTRY GIRL AT INSPRUCK.

The town of Inspruck, situated in a delightful valley on the river Inn amidst the Alps, was formerly the residence of an Archduke of the House of Austria. It is well built, the public edifices are handsome and numerous, and it has a Franciscan church in which there are several remarkable monuments.

At the inns and public houses of Inspruck,

as in those of Upper Austria, the office of waiting is entirely performed by girls; a circumstance greatly in favour of travellers, for their cleanliness, activity, and attention are seldom to be met with among the best male attendants. They commonly join to the frank character which distinguishes these mountaineers, a sprightly, kind, and prepossessing disposition. When importuned by a stranger, they often silence him by their acute yet civil answers. In this plate we see the dress of one of these females; she has nothing more than a ribband on her head; her neck is open; a rose-coloured crape handkerchief is crossed on her bosom; and she wears a broad ribband, tied in a bow behind, as a sash. The remainder of her dress consists of a handsome white bodice, a short petticoat of green stuff, a blue apron, and worsted stockings of a light red with white clocks.

ILLUSTRATIVE REMARKS

ON THE MOST SELECT AND ELEGANT

FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

THE varying temperature of the elements, since our last communications, must necessarily have exercised the taste and invention of our fair fashionables in their choice of that diversity of attire appropriated to the sudden changes of our versatile climate. Ingenuity and taste should ever appear as the handmaids of beauty; for mere regularity of feature will excite but a momentary attention, without elegance of manner, grace of deportment, and a judicious choice in the due selection and regulation of attire. It must, however, be acknowledged that our countrywomen are arrived at a superiority in this last-mentioned acquirement scarcely to be excelled by any other nation; and while the formerly reputed taste of the Parisian female is evidently on the decline, English women seem advancing in genius and the graces of life. Long, very long may they rise superior in fidelity and virtue, as they now do in external decoration and personal loveliness!—From the lengthened train of fashionables, and the innumerable families now resident in this gay metropolis—from the various assemblies of the great and the gay,—and from our places of public resort, we are pressed with a superabundant display of articles of fashionable decoration and ornament.

The diligent bee, wandering amidst his varied world of bloom and odours, gathers from fairest flowers his choicest sweets; and we, alike assiduous, ramble amidst the haunts of beauty and elegance, selecting and disseminating the choicest produce of our observations.

In regulating the order of our communication on this head, we begin with the walking or carriage costume; and though at this period the articles of composition, and the construction of these habits, cannot be supposed to have undergone much change, yet we have observed some little additional and novel elegance introduced of late, and which we shall delineate for the benefit of our fair readers. In our English portrait of fashion for this present Number of our work, is exhibited a coat and *chapeau* of acknowledged elegance and fasionable attraction. This habit distinguished a female of rank and elegance in Hyde-Park, and is worn by the beautiful Lady F—— P——, except that its colour, as chosen by this amiable female, is an American green. These coats and *chapeaus* are also formed of kerseymere or Georgian cloth, as well as velvet; and their colours are varied agreeably to the pleasure of the several wearers. Purple, Devonshire brown, scarlet, olive, and lavender, are the most in request. Although these coats are much admired for their simplicity, yet the Swedish mantle is by many held in still higher esteem. This is a sort of military or cardinal cloak, with long Spanish hanging sleeves, and high collar. It is trimmed all round with Chinchilli fur, mole, or blue fox. The Spanish cloak and spencer, of double Imperial sarsnet, lined and trimmed with fur, is an article somewhat novel in its construction, and embraces much taste and elegance; and though now (from its ornaments and linings of skin) it forms a part of the winter costume, yet, divested of this present seasonable appendage, and substituting that of rich Trafalgar, or cable silk cord, it will be both appropriate and attractive for the spring months.

In the article of outward robes, we scarcely ever discovered so much taste and variety. In parties few white dresses are observable, except, indeed, such as are of the most transparent texture, and worn over coloured satin.

Dresses of coloured leno, or net, are also disposed in drapery over white satin underdresses. We have seen one of amber leno, made with a jacket somewhat of the Swedish peasant form, the straps, sleeves, and bosom ornamented with silver binding. We shall here take occasion to delineate two dresses of uncommon and contrasted elegance, worn by

two females at a late splendid concert and ball. In describing these unique habits, will be observed the just appropriation of style, and effect, to the respective persons of the fair wearers. The delicate form, features, and complexion of Lady Th——, appeared to considerable advantage in her gown *à-la-Savoyard*, of fine scarlet cloth. The construction of this garment deserves delineation from its animated simplicity and elegance. It was formed in a plain round dress, extremely scanty, with a short train; a plain round bosom, cut rather low, and sitting perfectly close to the form, ornamented down each side of the bosom, and buttoned up the back with gold fillagree buttons. Up the front was a rich embroidery in gold laurel, or vine-leaf.—It had plain short sleeves of white satin; and over them a long full sleeve of the most transparent net, confined at the wrists and on the arms with bracelets and armlets of pearl, with a barrel snap of brilliants. Round the bosom (and by way of tucker) was placed a fine lace of the shell-scolloped edge. Her hair was confined in a tight braid towards one side of the head, fastened with a diamond crescent; on one side it was disposed in full curls, and on the other ornamented with a *demi*-wreath of white jessamine in pearl. One row of large brilliants composed the necklace, with ear-rings of the pear form; and her slippers were of white satin, frosted with gold.

The Madona features, and clear brown complexion of her friend, was happily contrasted by a robe of superfine white velvet. This dress was, perhaps, the most conspicuous for novelty and chaste elegance of any that has fixed our attention during the winter. It was a round dress, with short train and long sleeves, made to sit close to the form, and advancing towards the edge of the throat, where it was ornamented with an antique ruff of scolloped lace, three rows of fine Chinese pearl were placed at the edge next the throat, and at the rising of the bosom, and round the back; this ornament was alike continued.—Round each arm were armlets of broad gold, in the ancient Eastern style, confined in the centre with a snap, composed of the pink topaz, emerald, and Oriental amethyst. At the wrist was a cuff of deep lace, with an edge of the antique scollop form. Just above the cuff were three rows of pearl similar to those which ornamented the throat and bosom, united with a snap, *meme* those of the armlets above described. On her head she wore a *coiffe à-la-Mar*, *Queen of Scots*, and not unlike in construction that which is seen on this fair unfortunate in the print exhibited of her in Smollet's History of England. This head-dress was also ornamented with pearl, and one in form of a pear was pendant from the corner of the *coiffe*, which fell in the centre of the forehead. A most superb fan of carved amber, and satin shoes, of a similar colour, embroidered in a small filagree pattern of silver, completed this singularly attractive costume; and the whole *tout ensemble* of this captivating female exhibited a most perfect pattern of the modern antique.

The most fashionable style of construction for gowns is that with a high back, sloped to a point in the centre of the bosom, and ornamented with an Imperial ruff of fine scolloped lace, in half plaits. But we still see many fashionable women who continue to exhibit the back and shoulders. Coloured borders, in *chenille*, on black or brown Paris net, and worn over white sarsnet or satin, have a very appropriate and distinguishing effect in the dancing or drawing-room suite. Long sleeves are now worn with every species of costume. Surely they are not consistent for the full dress; yet we see them sometimes in such parties, formed of the same materials as the robe; at others, of white sarsnet, or silver tissue, attached to coloured dresses; sometimes of plaited French lawn, in the bishops' order; at others of fine net, twisted round the arm, from the shoulder to the wrist, with pearl beads, or gold and silver bands. They are sometimes placed over a plain satin short sleeve; and, to a slender form, we consider this latter style as well adapted, giving a becoming fullness to a spare figure.

We observe many coloured dresses composing the morning habit; but we can never give our suffrage to what must ever be considered a coarse or incorrect taste, even though sanctioned by fashion. The chaste, neat, and simple elegance of the white robe can never be exchanged to advantage in that style of costume, which should ever be distinguishable for unobtrusive grace rather than a showy display; and with what can the coloured mantle, coat, or cardinal appear to such advantage as with a simple morning robe of cambric or muslin? The decorations of the head, in public, display considerable novelty; on very young persons the hair variously disposed with ornaments of divers construction and composition prevails universally. The most fashionable of these are *demi* wreaths of pearl, bandeaus of jewellery, coronets, and tiaras of frosted flowers. Turbans *à-la-Chinese*, formed of gold or silver tissue,

with rich gold ends and fringe, are a most splendid and distinguishing ornament. The embroidered half-handkerchief of lace in colours, or in gold, silver, spangles, or bugles, is also observable amidst the fashionable variety; figured silk squares, rather more than one yard wide, either in figures or silver chambery, are a new style of turban, which composes in its tasteful arrangement much fashion, convenience, and attraction. It is tied round the head in the most simple yet becoming style, just over the left eye, where it is twisted, the ends by a simple fold are formed in much unstudied elegance; and a single row of pearl, diamonds, or band of gold or silver is passed obliquely across the forehead, and continued round one side of the turban. Feathers are by no means a general ornament; a few of the Asiatic plumes are sometimes attached by way of novelty to the turbans above described.

The style of hats and bonnets, for the outdoor costume, has exhibited little variety since our last; fur caps, velvet and sarsnets of divers shades, and chiefly of the turban form, lined with Chinchilli or other skins, are the most attractive. A few beavers, in the Spanish style (the colours pale brown), have lately appeared; but we consider them more useful than becoming or genteel.

The thirst for novelty has induced our Jewellers to introduce rather a repellent ornament by way of brooch, in the form of *insects*; surely this is a stretch of invention more novel than pleasing; the bosoms of delicate females will naturally shrink from the idea of countenancing so monstrous a decoration. In the article of trinkets we have discovered nothing striking or novel since our last communication; shells suspended from rich chains of gold, the oriental armlets, and treble bracelets are distinguishable amidst the endless variety offered to our view.

The prevailing colours are purple, shaded greens, Devonshire browns, crimson, and yellow; coquelicot and morone are on the decline.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. R. F. *is informed that his terms are accepted. His Poem is mislaid; we have frequently given a public notice in our Magazine for all Correspondents to keep duplicates of what they transmit to us.—We cannot be answerable, but under* parti-cular *circumstances, for the safe custody of any copy; the progress of which generally is, either into our Magazine, or into the fire.*

CRITO *has our best thanks, and we are convinced he means well towards us.*

ERRATA.—In our last Number, p. 6, for Bobeli, read "Bobpli;" for Pietie, read "Pitti;" for Ricchardi, read "Riccardi;" for Lord Cooper, read "Earl Cowper;" for Madoro, read "Medora." And on the Plate of one of the Cartoons, for The Sacrifice of Paul to Barnabas, read "The Sacrifice to Paul and Barnabas."

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Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For MARCH, 1808.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF *ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.*

The Twenty-ninth Number.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF DENMARK.

CAROLINA MATILDA, the youngest sister of his Majesty George III. was born on the 22d of July, 1751, and had the misfortune to be married, in 1766, at the age of fifteen, to Christian VII. of Denmark, who had just succeeded his father Frederic V. in the government of that kingdom.

The character of this Prince was not calculated to afford a pledge of the future happiness of such a connection. During the reign of his father, no part of his attention had been devoted to the affairs of government. His fiery temper, which had been vigorously restrained, bore the curb with impatience. He conceived a strong aversion to every restriction of order and decency, and it was evident that the moment he should be released from the fetters which confined him, he would rush headlong into every species of wanton libertinism.

The sequel justified the supposition. He fell into the hands of men whose seductions, added to his own propensities, led him into the most unbridled extravagance, so that he hated and avoided the sight of every honest and good man, and dreaded the mildest remonstrances against his conduct. No care had been taken to instil into his mind a proper veneration for religion, which, even in his childhood, he was known to have treated with the utmost contempt and derision. He was totally unacquainted with every true principle of morality, destitute of dignity of mind or conduct, and wholly regardless of merit in others.

The sanguine hopes which are entertained in every country at the commencement of a new reign, were, as far as they regarded the personal behaviour of his Danish Majesty, in some measure accomplished; but with respect to his attention to the affairs of his dominions, every expectation was disappointed. He dispatched with haste the most important concerns of the state, his dislike to business of every kind increased, and he sunk by degrees into a state of total listlessness and inaction.

Such was the character of the monarch

to whom the young, lovely, and inexperienced Carolina Matilda was united. His step-mother, the Queen-Dowager Juliana, in whom his excesses and imbecility encouraged the most flattering hopes in behalf of her own son, Prince Frederic, had violently opposed the marriage of the King. Her disgust was converted into hatred by the arrival of Princess Matilda. Every charm of youth and beauty graced her first appearance at Copenhagen; her whole behaviour was marked with affability and condescension; her every look was replete with benevolence and goodness, and she immediately gained every heart in her dominions.

Juliana beheld these first effects of the appearance of the young Queen with heartfelt chagrin. She well knew the prejudices which the King had conceived against herself and her son; she feared that they might be strengthened by this new connection, and that the influence she still possessed at court might be entirely destroyed. Her apprehensions were but too well founded. The palace of Friedensburg was assigned for her residence, and there she lived in a state of exile. Her aversion of the young Queen grew into the bitterest hatred; the most anxious attention on the part of the latter had no effect on the soured mind of Juliana; a cold degree of civility was all that it produced, and she missed no opportunity of treating Matilda with haughty superiority.

This disagreeable situation was for some time rendered less irksome to the Queen by the tenderness of her husband, the admiration of the court, and the round of dissipating amusements into which her gay and lively temper caused her to enter with great spirit. This false happiness, however, could not last long; the love of a libertine soon cools, and the King was incapable of a more exalted passion; the admiration of the courtiers was like every feature of their character, inconstant; and the zest of amusements was lost in their constant repetition.

The Queen naturally became indifferent to her husband, and inimical to his step-mother, and her mind was too frank to disguise her sentiments. The monarch was too deeply engaged in the intoxicating circle of pleasures prepared for him by his vicious companions to perceive the change, but it did not escape the vigilant eye of Juliana. The birth of the Prince Royal, which happened in January, 1768, by annihilating all her ambitious prospects, raised her animosity to the highest pitch.

Soon after this event the King set out upon his travels; and during his absence the mutual antipathy of the two Queens took a turn which precluded every hope of reconciliation, and the partizans of both strove by all possible means to widen the breach. Matilda, forsaken by her husband and hated by his step-mother, endeavoured to draw from the resources of her own mind that comfort which a dull and almost solitary court could not afford. Her life was calm and serene, her hours passed smoothly amid the pleasing cares of maternity, and such occupations as tended to cultivate her understanding. Her mind was naturally susceptible of every improvement; she took great pains to learn the Danish language, and, in a short time, spoke it with a fluency which greatly flattered her subjects.

In the beginning of the year 1769, the King returned from his travels, and, as it was at first thought, with a mind considerably improved. In his conduct he shewed more propriety and dignity, and his conversation was less trifling and frivolous; he even appeared to have acquired some useful knowledge, and his subjects flattered themselves that a happy change had taken place in his principles and favourite pursuits; that instead of indulging his passions in wild and sensual dissipation, he would devote his time to business, and to employments more worthy of his royal character.

The young Queen observed with pleasure the favourable change that had taken place in the general behaviour of his Majesty, and flattered herself that he would likewise shew her more attention and confidence than formerly; but had he been inclined to gratify these fond expectations, the pernicious principles instilled into his mind by his favourite, Count Holk, who ruled him with absolute sway, were sufficient to render his reformation of very short continuance. The affairs of the state were wholly resigned into the hands of the ministers, and the King was constantly surrounded by

a crowd of youthful libertines, who seemed only to study how to dispel the *ennui* inseparable from his want of serious employment, and his dislike of his family.

Such was the state of affairs at court when the unnoticed friendship of the King gradually raised into importance a person who was destined to exercise such irresistible influence over the favourites, the ministers, the family, and the subjects of his monarch. This was John Frederic Struensee, whom fortune, and a train of peculiar circumstances, coinciding with his own talents and address, drew from his native mediocrity of condition, and insensibly placed in an elevated rank. He originally practised physic at Altona, and afterwards attended the King of Denmark on his travels into France and England, in quality of physician. On his return he advanced by rapid gradations in the royal favour, and seems to have eminently possessed the powers of pleasing, since he became equally the favourite of both the King and Queen. The latter, it is true, at first hated Struensee as much as she did Count Holk, whose pernicious precepts and example alienated from her the affections of her husband. She soon perceived, however, that the King's regard for the latter diminished, in proportion as his friendship for the former increased. She observed that the company of Struensee daily became more pleasing and necessary to the sovereign, and that his influence began to extend not only to every concern of the King's private life, but to the most important affairs of the state. She likewise saw that the conduct of Struensee was very different from the insolent behaviour of Count Holk; so that by degrees her ill opinion of his character was changed into one much more favourable. She discovered in him a well cultivated and superior understanding, and at length treated him with a degree of kindness and condescension which could not long remain unnoticed.

The amiable feelings of maternal tenderness contributed to strengthen this rising partiality. It was resolved about this time that the Prince-Royal should be inoculated for the small-pox, and Struensee was appointed to perform the operation. The tenderest affections of the Queen were centered in her child; these would not suffer her to leave him for a moment to the care of strangers during a disorder which, with the most skilful management, is not wholly free from danger. She herself was his nurse; she watched with him, and anxiously returned to her maternal duties the moment he awoke. Struensee was her assistant in these tender occupations, and she scarcely suffered him to quit the object of her solicitude for a moment. He accordingly passed great part of his time in the company of the Queen; his natural and acquired abilities rendered his conversation agreeable and instructive, and his address was such as could not fail of gaining the favour of his royal mistress. The reserve on both sides wore off, and their conversations became more free and interesting. Matilda, in full reliance upon his fidelity, discovered to him the inmost secrets of her heart. She had ambition to aspire not only to the recovery of the King's confidence and esteem, but also to the acquisition of a share of that power which was wholly delegated to his worthless favourites. Struensee promised his cordial assistance, and from that moment devoted his whole attention to the accomplishment of her views. By his means the affections of the King were reclaimed; his behaviour to the Queen was entirely changed, and he placed in her a degree of confidence of which she soon made use to the attainment of her purposes.

Without following this favourite of fortune through all the degrees of his elevation, suffice it here to say, that through the influence of the Queen, Struensee was invested with the ribband of the order of Matilda, instituted in honour of her Majesty, was created a Count, and at length raised to the possession of unlimited ministerial power. The mental imbecility of the King and his total neglect of business, rendered him a mere cypher, so that the whole royal authority actually centered in Struensee and the Queen. No wonder then if those sentiments which owed their origin to reciprocal gratitude for the support mutually given, should be construed by enemies embittered by the loss of power into a criminal passion.

It must however be admitted, that if Struensee did not make a bad, he certainly made

a violent and imprudent use of his extensive power; he seems, if we may judge from his actions, to have been in some measure intoxicated with royal favour, added to such accumulated honours, and not to have adverted to the examples which history furnishes of Wolseys in former periods, and of Choiseuls in modern times, who most strikingly evince the slippery foundation of political grandeur.

It cannot be surprizing that the reforms which Struensee introduced should render him highly unpopular with a great majority of the nation. The Queen-mother, Juliana, artfully availed herself of this dissatisfaction to mature a plan for ridding herself at once of the hated minister, and the no less obnoxious Queen. The King had no will of his own, but was the mere tool of those who might have his person in their power; in order to secure him Juliana contrived to gain over to her party Colonel Koller, who commanded one of the regiments that composed the garrison of Copenhagen, where the court then was, and Colonel Eichstadt, who had the dragoons belonging to the same garrison under his command. The only person of consequence implicated in the conspiracy besides those officers, was Count Ranzau. None of these possessed the abilities that might be thought necessary for the execution of so daring an enterprize, and nothing but the secrecy with which it was carried on ensured their success.

The 17th of January, 1772, was fixed for the execution of this dreadful plan. The regiment commanded by Colonel Koller was on the night of the 16th of January ordered to be upon guard in and about the palace, and the same evening a grand ball was given at court. Matilda, with the most unsuspecting gaiety, indulged her passion for amusement; at the hour of one in the morning she closed the ball by dancing with Prince Frederic, and the principal leaders of her party had the honour of playing with the King. These were the last joys of the devoted victims; the ball was concluded, and every one repaired to rest. Meanwhile such preparations were made as soon roused them again to unexpected horrors.

The clock struck three—the dreadful hour appointed by the conspirators for the execution of their designs. A dead silence reigned throughout the palace. Koller then went round to the different posts, collected his principal officers, and proceeded with them to the guard-room. He there declared that by the express orders of the King, he required their assistance to take the reigning Queen, and all her adherents, into custody, and commanded them to follow him. The officers were so astonished at the subject of his harangue, that not one of them thought of asking him to produce his orders. They accompanied him to the Queen-Dowager, where Count Ranzau arrived, attended by one Guldberg, who had been employed in drawing up the plan of the conspiracy, and in writing out the necessary orders. Colonel Eichstadt had in the mean time armed his dragoons, and surrounded the palace, in order to prevent the entrance of any person, and to receive the prisoners. The different parts were soon distributed among the conspirators; Ranzau was appointed to arrest the Queen, Koller to secure Struensee, and the rest of the officers to take Count Brandt and the other principal leaders of the party into custody. Koller immediately hastened to the apartments of the minister, and the officers dispersed to their different posts, while Juliana, Ranzau, and Guldberg, who carried a candle before them, went to the chamber of the King.

To their great disappointment they found the door locked, and none of the keys and picklocks with which they were provided would open it. The loss of a moment was of consequence to the undertaking. Ranzau flew to the apartment of the page in waiting, entered the room with great noise, affected the utmost consternation, and ordered him to repair immediately to the chamber of the monarch. The affrighted page hastened to the assistance of his master, and at the door found Queen Juliana, Prince Frederic, and Ranzau, who commanded him to open it immediately. The unusual hour, the known characters of the persons, and their anxious impatience, excited his suspicions, and he refused to comply. The Queen's consternation was inexpressible, the Prince trembled, while Ranzau and Guldberg, whose candle fell from his shaking hands, did not venture to take the keys from the

page by force; he was strong and resolute, and they wished to make no noise. Ranzau therefore endeavoured to effect that by fear which he could not by persuasion; he told him that the whole town was up in arms; that the rebels were ready to break into the palace; that the guards could not withstand their fury; and that no time was to be lost if they wished to save the life of the monarch. The Queen and her son joined in affecting the utmost solicitude for the safety of the King. The page was first moved and then alarmed; the promise of a considerable reward completely overturned his resolution: he yielded, and led the Queen and her suite into the chamber of the sleeping monarch. The curtains of his bed were furiously torn open; he awoke suddenly, and started. No time was left him to recover from his fright; Ranzau denounced ruin and death; placed every image of terror before the eyes of the monarch, and his fruitful brain supplied him with new images of unreal horror; he painted the rage of a rebellious nation, conspired to shake off the yoke which the Queen and Struensee had imposed, crying aloud for justice, and determined to be satisfied with nothing less than the death of the victims they demanded. "What a dreadful misfortune! whither shall I flee?" cried the King, half dead with fear; "help me, advise me, tell me what I shall do."—"Sign these orders," returned Ranzau, with double fury; "this alone can save the King, his royal palace, and his people." The papers lay ready upon the table, and the Queen held the pen, the instrument of the destruction of the King's best friends, and of her complete revenge. The King took it with trembling hand; but the moment he espied, upon the first paper, the name of his Queen, Matilda, he threw it away with vehemence: it was as if this name, which had so long seemed wholly indifferent to him, at once roused the dormant powers of his mind. He endeavoured forcibly to rise, but was as forcibly prevented: another torrent of menaces and terrors was poured out upon him. Ranzau accumulated the most horrid falsehoods:—"The people," cried he, "are at the gates of the palace, fire and sword in their hands, and dire vengeance in their hearts: escape will soon be in vain; the palace will soon be in flames, and the monarch the first victim of their fury." The King's courage could not repel this second attack; fear overpowered him, tears ran down his cheeks, his hand trembled, he guided the pen without knowing it, signed the orders, and Ranzau hurried to see them executed.

Colonel Koller had, in the mean time, proceeded to the apartment of Struensee, without waiting the King's orders to arrest him. Having left the officers who accompanied him in an adjoining room, he entered the chamber alone in which the minister lay. Struensee was roused by the noise with which the Colonel approached; he knew him immediately; and, equally frightened and astonished, he asked him, by whose authority he dared to enter his chamber at so improper an hour?—"I will tell you that immediately," cried Koller; "rise this instant." He then seized him by the throat, and shook him so long and so violently, that resistance was vain; he surrendered, and was carried to the prison ready prepared for him in the citadel.

But the most dreadful scene of all was still to be acted. Ranzau, accompanied by Eichstadt, and a few other officers, repaired to the chamber where slept the beautiful and amiable Queen Matilda. The noise occasioned by their entrance into the antichamber alarmed her, and she called her attendants. Pale and trembling they entered the apartment; fear had rendered them incapable of answering her questions. Terrified by these appearances, she rose to enquire herself into the cause of their terror; when one of them informed her that Count Ranzau, accompanied by a train of officers, had entered the antichamber, and desired to be announced to her in the name of the King. "Ranzau!" cried she, "and in the name of the King? Run to Struensee, and call him to my assistance." She was then informed that Struensee had been secured and carried to prison. "I am betrayed, I am undone, I am lost for ever! But," added she, more composedly, "let the traitors come in; I am prepared to meet my fate." Half dressed she went to meet them with the most undaunted fortitude. Ranzau respectfully addressed her, and read the orders of the

King: she heard him without interruption, desired to read them herself, and Ranzau delivered the paper to her. Having read it quite through without betraying the least sign of fear, she threw it upon the ground with contempt, and cried,—" The character of treachery in you, and of weakness in the King, is so strongly stamped upon this whole transaction, that I shall not obey these orders." Ranzau entreated her to conform to the commands of the monarch. "Commands!" cried she, with indignation, " commands of which he himself is ignorant—commands forced by the most villainous treachery from foolish imbecility—such commands shall never be obeyed by a Queen." Upon this Ranzau grew more serious in his expostulations; and informed her that his orders must be obeyed, and without loss of time. " Till I have seen the King," returned she, " your orders shall not be executed upon me. Bring me to him immediately; I must, I will see him." She then stepped towards the door, but Ranzau stopped her: he grew impatient, and his entreaties were changed into threats. "Wretch!" cried the enraged Princess, " is this the language of a subject to his Queen? Go, thou most contemptible of beings! go from my sight, covered with your own infamy, but never feared by me!" The pride of Ranzau was touched; he cast an enraged look at his officers, fraught with a dreadful meaning; and the boldest of them stepped forward to seize the defenceless Princess. She tore herself from his arms, and called for help with all her strength, but in vain, for no assistance was at hand. Thus, struggling alone against armed men, distracted with rage and despair, she flew to the window, opened it, and attempted to throw herself out. One of the officers held her in the very moment: her fury now knew no bounds; she seized him by the hair, and dragged him to the ground: a second attacked her; and with equal strength and courage she disengaged herself from him. This shocking, this inhuman spectacle, which would have forced the dagger from the hand of the most bloody assassin, made no impression upon the mind of Ranzau and his banditti. They united their coward strength against this noble heroine; and she fell at last breathless, and almost fainting, into the arms of one of the officers. As soon as she had somewhat recovered, and it appeared evident that she could make no further resistance, she was forced to dress herself in an adjoining chamber; and Ranzau, who was mean and cruel enough to insult her with offensive and indecent language, led her to the carriage which waited so carry her to the fortress of Cronenburg.

Upon her arrival in the fort, she uttered loud complaints; and, overwhelmed with unspeakable distress, her knees refused their support, she sunk down upon the stairs, and was dragged into her bedchamber. The sight of a bed alarmed her; she stepped back, and cried, " Take me away, take me away! rest is not for the miserable! there is no rest for me!" She was then put into a chair; her bosom heaved with violent sighs, her whole frame seemed agitated and convulsed with anguish, and she at last burst into tears. " Thank God," cried she with fervency, " for this blessing! this is a comfort of which my enemies cannot rob me."

Meanwhile, as an insurrection was dreaded in Copenhagen, every military precaution was taken to prevent it. The most infamous and absurd reports were circulated among the populace, in order to throw an odium on the state-prisoners. They were accused of having infused poison into the King's coffee, with an intention to destroy or debilitate his understanding, and to declare him incapable of governing; to send the Queen-Dowager, as well as her infant son, Prince Frederic, out of the kingdom, and to proclaim the Queen Matilda regent.

During these transactions Struensee and Brandt were detained in rigorous imprisonment. The former was loaded with very heavy irons about his arms and legs, and he was at the same time fastened to the wall with an iron bar. In a cell not above ten or twelve feet square, with a little bed and a miserable iron stove, he wrote with a pencil an account of his life and conduct as a minister; a composition which displays no ordinary ability. A tribunal was appointed for the trial of the Queen and the two Counts, counsel being assigned for each, in order to preserve an ostensible appearance of justice and equity.

Six articles were exhibited against Struensee; one of which charged him with an improper connexion with the Queen. His reverse of fortune seemed to have bereft his soul of fortitude and manly feeling. Terrified by the threat of the rack, confused by artful and ambiguous questions, and perhaps enticed by delusive hopes, he made a confession by which he highly impeached the character of the Queen, and at the same time roused the indignation of every honest mind against himself. On this charge alone was Struensee convicted; and he with his friend Brandt, against whom no crime could be proved, were beheaded on the 25th of March, 1772.

Four commissioners were now appointed to proceed to the principal part of this great cause, upon which it was necessary to decide, in order to insure stability to the success of the revolution. They proceeded to Cronenburg, to examine the Queen Matilda; and Baron Schak-Rathlau was appointed to take the lead in this important examination. A long and tedious series of days spent in the most gloomy solitude, the most exquisite distress, and tormenting suspense, had not yet broken the spirit of this noble Princess. She received the commissioners with an unaffected dignity, which displayed in its full extent the strength of her soul. A long string of captious and distressing questions which were put to her, were not able to disconcert her; her answers were short, pertinent, and precise; she calmly insisted that she could not reproach herself with any crime: and her unexpected fortitude and coolness, threw the commissioners into the utmost embarrassment. The cunning Schak saw plainly that he must in vain attempt to cope with the understanding of the Queen; but he hoped that her heart was not equally proof against his subtlety; and he promised himself as complete success in an attack upon the tenderness of her disposition, as she had in defeating his sophistical reasoning. He therefore made use of a stratagem, in order to procure from her that confession which alone could give validity to the sentence they were previously determined to pronounce, that led him to an action by which his name will be for ever branded with infamy.

He abruptly informed the Queen, that Count Struensee had made a confession highly disgraceful to the honour and dignity of her Majesty. "Impossible!" cried the astonished Matilda; "Struensee never could make such a confession; and, if he did, I deny every thing he has said."—Schak was too cunning to suffer her to recover her fright and astonishment; but added immediately, that Struensee had not only actually made this confession, but had confirmed it in his examination, and had even signed it; but that, as the Queen denied the truth, nothing but the most excruciating tortures, and the most ignominious death, could atone for so gross a violation of the Queen of Denmark.

This was a thunder-bolt to the unfortunate Princess; she fell back senseless upon her chair; her colour left her cheeks, and a deadly paleness occupied its place. Her regard for her honour struggled violently with her feelings. She at last recovered; and said, with a faultering voice,—"And if I confess what Struensee has said to be true, may he then hope for mercy at the hands of his judges?" She at the same time cast her beautiful eyes at Count Schak, with a look full of fear and hope, and expressive of every thing her lips dared not to utter. The countenance of Schak immediately cleared up; he bowed assent, in a manner which the Queen might interpret as favourably as she pleased; and persented to her a paper containing the accusations against herself, to which nothing was wanting to complete the triumph of her enemies but her signature. This dreadful instrument of her destruction renewed in the mind of the Queen the most violent emotion, and her whole frame was in the greatest agitation. She suddenly seemed to exert her utmost fortitude; she took a pen and began, with trembling hand, to write her name. She had already finished the letters CAROL— when casting a glance at Schak, she saw his eyes eagerly fixed upon her hand; he trembled with impatience, and betrayed in his face the malicious joy of triumphant treachery. In a moment she was convinced of the base arts practised against her; she threw away the pen, and cried with the strongest emotion, "I am shamefully deceived; Struensee never accused me; I know him too well; he never could have been guilty of

so great a crime." She endeavoured to rise, but her strength failed her; she sunk down, fainted, and fell back into her seat. With the most impudent audacity Schak then immediately took up the pen, put it between her fingers, and grasping her hand in his, he guided it; and before the unfortunate Princess again recovered, she had added the letters —INA MATILDA.

The commissioners having finished their examination, an extraordinary tribunal was formed to try the Queen, and the advocate who conducted the accusation in the name of the King demanded a sentence of divorce. Uhldal, her Majesty's advocate, requested a delay of a few days, and permission to consult the Queen on the manner of conducting her defence. This was granted; and he repaired to Cronenburg, where he had a long and very interesting conversation with his royal client.

The situation of the Queen was distressing beyond description. Young, beautiful, blessed by nature, and accomplished by education, with every thing that could render her susceptible of the most refined happiness throughout life, she now stood upon the very margin of a gulph which was ready to swallow up every thing that could be dear to her—her honour, her rank, her peace of mind; one moment was to rob her of her children, her husband, and her throne: and that she should survive this calamitous change, was a consideration fraught with new horror. Her sensibility rendered her capable of feeling her misery in its utmost extent; and the expressions in which she depicted the excruciating apprehensions of her mind to Uhldal, fully shewed with what acuteness she felt them. "I should be inconsolable," said she, "if the most trifling of my actions could have tended in the least to the dishonour or disadvantage of the King and the state. I have perhaps been imprudent, but have never meant ill; and in those points in which I have failed, my youth, and the strange circumstances in which I was placed, ought to plead my apology. I was too secure of the suspicion or censure of the world, and this security may have led me into error. If the laws of my country condemn me, it is my duty humbly to acquiesce in their sentence; but in the mouth of my judges, I trust their rigour will be softened by humanity; and this affords me great comfort. But when I consider that my King, my husband, must confirm their sentence, then, then my languishing hopes revive—he will surely never desert me, nor cast me from him into endless misery and despair!" Her tears and sighs frequently interrupted this moving address; at last she found some relief from the acuteness of her feelings, in her weakness to support them, rather than in a diminution of her distress. She spoke to Uhldal in a more tranquil tone, and consulted with him upon the best means by which her cause could be defended.

The eloquence and talents of Uhldal were in vain exerted in behalf of the injured Matilda; and a formal divorce separated her for ever from her husband.

Measures were now taken for the removal of Queen Matilda from Cronenburg. The small town of Aalborg, in Jutland, was first intended for her residence, and she herself seemed to wish to live within the Danish dominions. But when she heard of the melancholy end of her friends, she changed her resolution. Her brother, the King of England, made an offer to the Danish court, to appoint her a residence at the palace of Zell, in the electorate of Hanover: this proposal was accepted; and it was at the same time agreed, that she should still keep the title and rank of a Queen. Her dower of 250,000 dollars was returned, and an annuity of 30,000 dollars (about 5000l. sterling) settled upon her for life.

On the 27th of May, two English frigates and a cutter,* arrived at Helsingor; and on the 30th the Queen left Cronenburg. The last moments which this amiable Princess spent in the Danish domini-

* This squadron was commanded by the gallant Captain Macbride, whose conduct upon this, as on every other occasion, was that of a gentleman, a brave officer, and a true patriot. He conducted her to the frigate in his barge; the squadron saluted her, upon her coming on board, as the sister of the British monarch; and as soon as she was on board, he hoisted Danish colours, and insisted that the fort of Cronenburg should salute her as Queen of Denmark; which salute he returned with two guns less.

ons, were distressing in the highest degree. She was now under the necessity of parting from her only comfort, the only object of her affection, her infant daughter; and of leaving her in the hands of her sworn enemies. For some minutes she fondly pressed the babe to her bosom, and bedewed it with a shower of tears: she then attempted to tear herself away; but the voice, the smiles, the endearing motions of her infant, were chains that irresistibly drew her back. At last she called up all her resolution, took her once more into her arms, imprinted upon her lips, with the impetuous ardour of distracting love, the farewel kiss, returned her to the attendants, and cried, "Away, away! I now possess nothing here."

At Zell, Matilda appeared in her true and native character. Divested of the retinue and pomp which, on the throne of Denmark, veiled her in a great degree from observation, the qualities of her heart displayed themselves in her little court at Zell, and gained her universal love.

Her person was dignified and graceful; she excelled in all the exercises befitting her sex, birth, and station; she danced the finest minuet of all the females at the Danish court, and managed the horse with uncommon spirit and address. She had a taste for music, and devoted much of her time, while at Zell, to the harpsichord. The characteristic style of her dress was simplicity; that of her deportment an affability which, in a person of such high rank, might be termed extreme condescension. Her talents were extensive, and having been cultivated by reading, they displayed themselves on all occasions. She conversed with perfect facility in French, English, German, and Danish, and to these attainments she added a thorough knowledge of the Italian, which she studied and admired for its beauty and delicacy. Her manners were the most polished, soft, and ingratiating, and even the contracted state of her finances could not restrain that princely munificence of temper which kept her purse continually open to distress and misery. Naturally cheerful and happy in disposition, even the dark cloud of adversity could not alter the sweetness and serenity of her temper. Though banished with every circumstance of indignity from the throne of Denmark, she yet retained no sentiment of revenge against the authors of her fall, or the Danish people in general. Her heart was not tinctured with ambition, and she looked back to the diadem which had been torn from her brow with calmness and magnanimity. It was not the crown that she regretted; her children alone employed her care. The feelings of the sovereign were absorbed in those of the mother; and if she wept the day when she quitted the isle of Zealand, it was because she was bereft of the dear objects of her maternal fondness.

A few months before her death she shewed with transports of joy, to the first lady of her bed-chamber, a portrait of the Prince Royal, her son, which she had just received. It happened that a few days afterwards, this lady entered the Queen's apartment at an unusual hour; she was surprized at hearing her Majesty talk though quite alone. While she thus stood in mute astonishment, unable to retire, the Queen suddenly turned round, and addressing her with that charming smile which she alone could preserve at a moment when her heart was torn with sensations of the acutest anguish:—"What must you think," said she, "of a circumstance so extraordinary as to find me talking though quite alone? but it was to this dear and cherished image that I addressed my conversation. And what do you imagine I said to it? Nearly the same verses which you sent not long ago to a child sensible to the happiness of having found a father—verses," added she, "which I altered after this manner:—

"Eh! qui donc, comme moi, gouteroit la douceur
"De t'appeller mon fils, d'être chère à ton cœur!
"Toi qu'on arrache aux bras d'une mère sensible
"Qui ne pleure que toi, dans ce destin terrible."

The lady could not make any reply; overcome with her own emotions, she burst into tears, and hastily retired from the royal presence.

In the beginning of May, 1775, she was seized with the disorder which proved fatal to her. Leyser, the physician by whom she was attended, dreaded the event from

the first moment. She was no stranger to his apprehensions, and impressed with a sentiment of her approaching end, she said to him,—"You have twice extricated me from very dangerous indispositions, but this exceeds your skill; I know that I am not within the help of medicine." When the dangerous nature of her disorder became generally known, anxiety and consternation pervaded her whole court, by which she was idolized. Her physician called in to his assistance the celebrated Dr. Zimmermann, of Hanover, but her Majesty's illness, which proved to be a most malignant spotted fever, baffled every exertion of their skill. She bore the pains of her distemper with exemplary patience, and even shewed the most generous and delicate attention to the ladies by whom she was attended. She preserved her speech, senses, and understanding to the last moment, and only a short time previous to her dissolution, which took place on the 10th of May, 1775, expressed the most hearty forgiveness of all those enemies by whom, during her life, she had been persecuted and calumniated.

Her Majesty's remains were interred with her maternal ancestors, the Dukes of Zell, with a pomp suited to her dignity. The streets and the great church were thronged with crowds of people, impressed with the sincerest sorrow by the event which had called them together. It was a scene the most affecting and awful that can be imagined; and when the funeral sermon was delivered, the numerous audience melted into tears, and were overcome with emotions to be compared only with those of the famous Bossuet on a similar occasion, the interment of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, about a century before.

But the most striking proof of the love and attachment borne to her Majesty's memory after death, and the impression which her virtues had made among all ranks of people in the country where she died, is the resolution drawn up soon afterwards at Hanover, by the states of Luneburg. It was as follows:—"The nobility and the states of the duchy of Luneburg assembled, have resolved in their session on the 10th June, to present a request to the King of Great Britain, to obtain permission to erect, at Zell, a monument in memory of the qualities of mind and heart of the late Queen of Denmark, as well as of the devotion and veneration which they bore to that Princess. They intend to chuse the first-rate artists for its execution, and they hope by this avowed proof of their zeal, to perpetuate to the remotest posterity, both the profound grief which the premature death of that young Queen has spread through a whole province which adored her, and the homage which they rendered to that true greatness which disasters and adversities the most cruel only rendered the more respectable."

These wishes, so honourable to the memory of the unfortunate Matilda, were granted; and the monument, by the celebrated Oeser, stands in the garden belonging to the electoral palace at Zell.

A late traveller, adverting to the catastrophe which precipitated Queen Matilda from the throne of Denmark, observes, that people, in Denmark, now strive to forget the whole history of that event, which is never mentioned among such persons as are at all connected with the court. "Nevertheless," continues he, "I have had several conversations on the subject with a gentleman who is honoured with the intimacy of the royal family. The butchery of Struensee and Brandt is regarded with horror, and the fate of the amiable but unfortunate Queen is universally deplored. The Crown-Prince has pretty plainly expressed his sentiments on the matter. As soon as he attained the direction of public affairs, the Queen-Dowager was obliged to quit Copenhagen; she resided at Fredericksborg till her death in 1796. The Prince has likewise invariably shewn a decided aversion to all those who sided against his mother."

THE ARTIST.

No. III.

Including the Lives of living and deceased Painters, collected from authentic sources,— accompanied with OUTLINE ENGRAVINGS *of their most celebrated Works, and explanatory Criticism upon the merits of their compositions; containing likewise original Lectures upon the different branches of the Fine Arts.*

BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[*Continued from Page 54.*]

HAVING in our last brought the biography of Mr. West nearly to a close, it has been suggested to us that our account would be imperfect, unless it were connected with somewhat of a detailed history (supplementary to the few hints we have given) of the Royal Academy; a society which has chiefly flourished, and been supported in its highest lustre, under the Presidency of this illustrious artist. In the present inquiry, therefore, we shall give a detail of the origin of the Academy, and the views with which an institution commenced which has obtained so much celebrity throughout Europe; we have resolved therefore to enter upon the subject with that minuteness which its importance so well deserves.

We shall consider this institution under its several Presidencies, and conclude with some hints as to its reformation and future direction, which we trust will not be unacceptable to the general body of artists. We shall commence our subject without any further preface.

The importance of the fine arts, as connected with the honour and prosperity of the country, had been acknowledged, and sensibly felt, by many persons of high rank and talent more than half a century ago; and considerable efforts have been made for the establishment of a national school. It is a just pride to the artists, that every attempt failed but what had its origin in their own exertions. It was they who first formed themselves into a body, which, however wanting in dignity and the principles of permanence when compared with their present institution, must ever be considered as the origin of the Royal Academy.

From their own exertions was formed the Incorporated Society of Arts. Their first exhibition took place at the Great Room in Spring Gardens, in December, 1760. There they were incorporated, and continued to exhibit yearly with great success. Notwithstanding the prejudice arising from novelty, and the difficulties they had to encounter from the low ebb, not to say the depravity of national taste, such was the success of their Exhibitions, that, in a very short time, they accumulated a fund of five or six thousand pounds; and though subsisting in this loose and detached state, without the patronage of rank, or the aid of wealth, they were enabled, from their own efforts, to open the most cheering prospects to their brother artists, and to hold out to the kingdom the institution of a school of national delineation, from which its taste might be corrected, and its commerce improved.

The tranquillity of this society was first disturbed by intrigues arising amongst themselves. In a struggle to obtain the government of this institution, two parties were formed, of the most opposite and hostile interests, headed by two architects. Mr. Chambers, afterwards Sir William Chambers, was at the head of one party; and Mr. Payne, a gentleman of considerable eminence in his profession, governed the other. Both of these gentlemen being in the Directory, and each struggling for an ascendancy over that body, the interest of Mr. Payne prevailed at a general election, and the friends of the latter alone were admitted.

This was a fatal blow to the peace of the society; most of the distinguished artists withdrew; and that they might still enjoy the dignity and advantages of a corporate capacity, the present was viewed as a favourable

moment for forming a new society, to be under the Royal patronage.

In the communication which took place between Mr. Chambers and his present Majesty, a proposition for a new Academy was made, which was graciously received by the King, who was pleased to name four artists, who were to form a committee, and communicate with him personally, respecting the plan of the new Institution.

The names of these Artists were, Mr. Chambers, G. M. Moser, F. Coates, and B. West. These gentlemen waited upon the King, and communicated the plan of their Institution, in the formation of which his Majesty engaged with the warmest interest and most active zeal. Communication was made to several eminent artists for their assistance in forming the laws to regulate the intended Academy. The code, when nearly complete, was laid before the King, which received his Royal sanction, and commands to be carried into immediate effect.

From the general body of the artists, academicians were created by his Majesty. Their first meeting was in the month of December, 1768 (the anniversary of the institution as now holden), when they chose their annual officers; and, having elected Sir Joshua Reynolds to the chair, recommended him to the approbation of the King. At the same time they chose their council, consisting of eight, their secretary, and keeper. The office of treasurer his Majesty reserved to be filled upon his own nomination, and he was graciously pleased to appoint Mr. Chambers.

It is here worthy of remark, that the laws of the Academy gave a perpetual seat and voice at the Council Board to the treasurer, but no vote, except he should be elected one of the members of the council.

Such was the origin of the Royal Academy.

In order that a society, formed under the express patronage of his Majesty, should have those principles of permanence and independence in its constitution, which might exempt it from the operation of those intrigues that had proved so fatal to the incorporated society, and secure its dignity and internal peace, his Majesty judged proper, to prevent all external influence from endangering its government, to direct that none but professional men should belong to the institution,—with the exception of a few who were eminently marked for literature, and distinguished in certain branches of science. Upon this, Dr. William Hunter was elected Professor of Anatomy; Dr. Johnson, Professor of Ancient Literature; Mr. Gibbon, Professor of History; and Baretti, Secretary of Foreign correspondence; but none of these gentlemen had any voice in the government of the Academy.

Under such auspices and arrangements the Royal Academy commenced. Something perhaps might be pointed out, both in the plan of its government, and internal administration, which must necessarily have sown the seeds of disorder, and provoked dissentions in the body; but of this hereafter.

It is not to be doubted that this institution was fostered and adopted by the King from motives of the purest patriotism, and a zeal for the arts which had its source in a love of his country. It could not escape the observation of an enlightened Prince that, in a nation whose wealth and revenues were derived from commerce, and a preference obtained for its manufactures in the different markets of Europe, a national school of delineation was necessary, in which, by the cultivation and general diffusion of the elements of art, the taste of the manufacturer and mechanic might be corrected, and something of a higher quality,—a more improved utility, and dignified elegance, be ingrafted upon the produce of his labour. It would, above all, not fail to strike a Sovereign, whose ambition was to govern in the hearts of his people, and elevate the British name and character to a pitch of dignity which should establish his reign as an æra in the annals of his country, that nothing could be more essential to his true glory than the cultivation of those arts, which, under a pure administration, and a generous patronage, had a natural tendency to expand the mind, and improve the morals of his subjects, and add that last and most exquisite polish to the manners of the people, which might be considered as the glory of civilization.

It was from views of this nature, so worthy the character of a patriot King, that his Majesty had actively embarked in the formation of the Royal Academy, and laboured, even with the ardour of personal industry, to construct its scheme of government, and communicate to it those principles of growth and improvement which should advance it, in due season, to that point of excellence which might constitute it as a feature in his reign, and give it all the splendour of an institution excelling in arts, and the solid dignity of an establishment for national purposes.

At the very outset, his Majesty had rejected every thing narrow and confined. His object was not to add a something to the train of greatness; to create an extra appendage to the equipage of royalty; to construct a servile academy of artists, to subsist upon his pleasure

and measured dole of bounty, in a state as degraded as any of his menials. It was not these motives,—motives which have stimulated the pride of the petty princes of Italy and Germany, to set aside a vacant room in their palaces for the reception of a few needy artists, who were enrolled in their domestic train, and whose genius was as degraded as their situation;—it was not motives of this nature which actuated the mind of our gracious Sovereign. The stream of royal bounty was not meant to be contracted in its channel,—it was directed to fructify, and flow through the country at large; to wait upon the artist at his own door, in the most distant provinces; to call him from that obscurity, in which he might otherwise have been condemned to toil, to that portion of public patronage of which he might be found deserving.

The whole nation was invited by the example of the Sovereign to engage in the same task, and the liberality of his patronage exacted no other service from the artists than the improvement of the estate which he had committed to them. The only return he sought was the prosperity of their institution by their own efforts; the securing of its tranquillity, which was only to be obtained by a prudent and impartial administration; and its permanence, which must necessarily depend upon the unanimity which should prevail amongst the members of the body.

Thus have we briefly traced the origin of the Royal Academy, and the motives from which the august patronage of the Sovereign originated; and it now remains for us to shew the progress which was made in the infancy of the institution, and the prospects which were opened of those beneficial effects which had been promised as the result of this establishment.

But as we have undertaken to review the proceedings of the Academy under its different Presidencies, it is but justice, in the first stage of our inquiry, to explain the state of the arts prior to the appearance of Sir Joshua Reynolds in his profession, and, in order to form a just appreciation of his merits, to consider this institution in the state in which he was placed in the chair, the degree of improvement to which he raised it, and with which his Presidency concluded.

The superior style of portrait-painting, introduced into this country by Vandyke, under the patronage of Charles the First, had undergone a material decline from the distractions of the kingdom in that unfortunate period; and lapsing into more feeble hands, upon the death of that artist and his patron, it experienced a rapid degeneracy from the qualities which it once possessed. The arts, indeed, appeared to decline in a kind of regular descent, from Dobson, the successor of Vandyke, through Walker, Lely, Kneller, Dohl, Hudson, Ramsay, and Shackleton, to the close of the reign of George the Second; and they were in a state of still further decay when Reynolds appeared in his profession.

It may be remembered that this distinguished artist received the rudiments of his education under Hudson, but soaring beyond the fame and imperfect examples before him, his zeal carried him into Italy, for the purpose of studying the works of the great Italian masters; and by the principles of art which he acquired in this school, he returned to his native country with an improved taste and superior refinement in that branch of his profession which he peculiarly cultivated. It will ever indeed be the just praise of Sir Joshua, that portrait-painting grew in his hands to an elevation of art which it had hitherto not attained; that he was enabled to invest it with qualities to which it had been a stranger; to give it a dignity and decision of character,—something of the majesty of history, and the grace and amenity of landscape. This period we are ever bound to consider as the epoch in which was produced a refined style in portrait-painting, and a more general diffusion of taste with respect to the Fine Arts.

From this acknowledged pre-eminence of Sir Joshua Reynolds, it is to the credit of the first Academicians that they had the discernment to recommend him to his Majesty, to be confirmed, by his gracious sanction, as President of their Society.

When we consider the auspicious commencement of this Presidency, supported at that period by the talents of a Wilson and Barrett in landscape-painting, a Gainsborough in landscape and portraits,—Coates in portrait crayons, West in history, together with Cipriani and Penney; a Bacon, and many others of eminence, in sculpture; Sir William Chambers, Gwynne, and Payne, in architecture; all of whom were zealous to carry into effect his Majesty's gracious views towards the infant Academy,—when we consider the commencement of a Presidency under auspices like these, it is not to be wondered that a series of Exhibitions, which laid claim to a more dignified character in art, and a splendour far exceeding what had hitherto appeared in the country, should have graced the infancy of the Academy.

[*To be Continued.*] p. 149.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

MONUMENT,

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF Mrs. HOWARD.

BY JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, ESQ. R. A.

"Into thy hands I commend my Spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth!"

MARIA,

THE THIRD DAUGHTER OF ANDREW LORD ARCHER,
WAS MARRIED TO HENRY HOWARD, ON THE TWENTY-SECOND OF NOVEMBER, 1788;

AND DIED WITH HER INFANT DAUGHTER,
ON THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER, 1789; IN THE TWENTY-THIRD YEAR OF HER AGE.

THIS TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION IS PAID TO THE
MEMORY OF HER WHO APPROACHED NEAR TO PERFECTION,
BY THE AFFLICTED HUSBAND AND SISTERS.

IN THE CHURCH
OF
CORBEY CASTLE,
THE SEAT OF THE FAMILY OF THE HOWARDS, IN THE COUNTY OF
CUMBERLAND.

THE group in this monument is composed of the dead child and the expiring mother, in the arms of Religion.

The intention of the artist in this composition, is to express, in the first place, that all hope is extinguished in the mother's breast, with respect to the life of her child. The infant is dead, and lies carelessly on its parent's lap, whilst the only consolation which the mother seems to feel, is that of a future state, which Religion, with graceful and energetic confidence, points out to her view.

In the agony of expiring life, the countenance of the mother is lighted up with a divine consolation, and she is already lifted above all earthly concerns. These feelings the artist has most admirably expressed, in the graceful turn of the head, the majestic elevation of the face, and the tranquillity and ease which pervade the whole figure and the drapery.

The figure and countenance of Religion are no less admirable. Mr. Nollekens has thrown into it a surprising benevolence, a serene and noble dignity. Her mantle, which falls in broad and square folds of simple drapery, seems to shroud and cover round the mother and the child. It is a just and noble emblem of her bounty, and is finely contrasted with the drapery of the other figure.

Such is this monument, which dignifies, whilst it recalls to us a common and sorrowful scene of domestic life,—a beautiful young woman, lost, with her infant, in child-bed, to an affectionate and worthy husband. It must ever be the just pride of Mr. Nollekens, to have raised, from such simple materials, a monument which elevates, to the effect of the most sublime pathos, a sad and frequent occurrence of daily life.

J. Nollekens Esqr. R.A. sculptor Engraved by Heath

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE MYSTERIOUS RECLUSE.

[*Continued from Page* 84.]

NEXT morning the mistress of the castle invited the stranger to breakfast. She had time, during the night, to prepare herself, so that she might say neither too much nor too little. As soon as breakfast was over, she locked the door of the room, and began her narrative.

"I must acknowledge that my father was right, when he said that I was an extraordinary creature, and capable of the most singular contradictions in my conduct. For these two years past, I have been taking every possible precaution, in order that I might not be known, and now I voluntarily discover myself to you. I am, however, convinced that something very different from curiosity, has excited in you a wish to be made acquainted with my history. I shall, therefore, not hesitate to communicate to you the events of my life, though I shall reserve the right of concealing my name.

"I have heard or read that certain persons carry within themselves the germ of their destinies, and meet with extraordinary adventures, because they bring with them extraordinary sentiments into all the circumstances of life. To this class of people, I, perhaps, belong. I have always viewed the world with different eyes from what most are accustomed to consider it with, and might say with Rousseau, I know not whether I was better than others, but this I know, that I was unlike them.

"Scarcely had my tongue begun to express the ideas of my infant mind, when I was proclaimed a genius. And why? Because I shewed some talents, and a strong desire to learn. My father, a man of a sound understanding, and various attainments, was highly delighted with the thirst of knowledge manifested by his little Theresa."

"Theresa!" exclaimed the stranger, "is your name Theresa?" asked she, a death-like paleness at the same time overspreading her countenance.

"Is this name so frightful to you?" enquired the recluse.

"Frightful!" rejoined the stranger, "O, no, I venerate it, like the name of a saint. I had once an unknown friend, whose name was Theresa. A Theresa saved me, without knowing it, from the most dreadful of misfortunes. But let me request you to proceed."

The recluse was more rejoiced than concerned at the discovery of this new alliance with the stranger, and thus continued:

"My father's circumstances permitted him to devote his whole attention to the cultivation of my little talents. He had been minister to a German Prince, but had resigned his post, out of discontent with the administration of the country, which he had in vain endeavoured to improve, and now passed his best years in a delightful retreat in the country. He was the more attached to me, because my birth had been the death of my mother, and my brother manifested none of those dispositions by which I gave the promise of being once able to cheer the old age of my father. No expence was spared to provide me with books and teachers. I learned music, drawing, history, geography, various languages, in short, any thing that I had a mind for. As soon as I could read, poetry and plays were put into my hands, though I afterwards became neither poetess nor actress. Thus I grew up amidst ideas, caresses, flatteries, and reveries, without myself knowing what kind of a being I was, or still less thinking how to make an impression on any one by my various qualifications and attainments. My father was naturally pleased with me; and as for me, scarcely any person pleased me but my father. I was not anxious for applause; I lived in a creation of my own fancy; and though my speculations embraced every object that can possibly occupy the mind of a child, I never bestowed a thought on myself, and, for that very reason, was happy.

"The first epoch in my little history was the death of my father, which happened when I was thirteen. He had been the only man with whose participation in my pleasures I could not dispense. To please him I had learned many things which would otherwise have been indifferent to me. He was always my first thought with every new acquisition in art or science, with every new acquaintance that I chanced to make, and with every wish or whim that arose in my bosom. I did not

feel till after his death, that my father had filled my heart, and this discovery was the first observation that I made upon myself.

"Every thing within and around me was now totally altered. My reveries and my thoughts followed the corpse of my father. My natural vivacity forsook me. I seated myself, when nobody observed me, in an arbour in the garden, and wept. No one took any notice of me. Not a creature was enlivened by my cheerfulness. The feeling of vacuity, of which I had often read without knowing what it meant, embittered the enjoyment of the little pleasure, which I yet derived from my harpsichord, my drawings, and my books. I grew extremely serious, petulant from vexation, and cold for want of an object on which to fix my affection.

"The change in my external situation, and the transition from infancy to another period of life, completed the internal revolution of my being. I was placed under the guardianship of a relation who lived in town, and my mode of life was accordingly changed. Young gentlemen of such a description as would not have been very welcome at my father's country seat, and were not often seen there, daily threw themselves in my way, in the house of my guardian, in order to say fine things to me. My coyness, as they termed it, drew from them numberless ineffectual sallies. The coldness with which I listened to their witty apostrophes, was, in their opinion, the simplicity and inexperience of a girl of thirteen. These people rendered themselves the most disagreeable to me, by the sarcasms with which they endeavoured to counteract the effects of the religious instruction which about this time I received from a respectable clergyman. Religious devotion was now the only sentiment that gave my heart a kind of satisfaction. This sentiment I cultivated with so much the more ardour, because it was new to me, and because it associated itself in a manner entirely new, with the remembrance of my father, whom I now hailed in my reveries as an angel in another world.

"These religious sentiments made me very attentive to myself. To fulfil my duties now became the chief object of my solicitude. Even the pleasures of infancy, which in the simplicity of my heart I had enjoyed without regard to duty, now appeared all at once in the light of levities, which it was necessary to expiate. From this time I did not wilfully take any step, without first enquiring whither it would lead: I wished not only to make amends for my past errors, but to have something in store, when merits and rewards should come to be weighed. I played the usurer with my feelings, but really without knowing it. My only wish was to please the invisible searcher of the human heart, for the idea of his presence every where accompanied me. This wish made me the more indifferent to the approbation of men than I had already grown, in consequence of the loss of my father. The recollection of my father gradually ceased to be the point in which my sweetest sensations were concentrated. Shall I confess it?—He to whom I owe my existence, was banished from my soul by the father of all beings. For him alone I had now any sensibility; to him alone was I attached; and my love burned with all the ardour of passion. In the innocence of my heart, indecent as it may sound, I became enamoured of God.

"Had I at this moment fallen into the hands of some mystical sect, I should scarcely have escaped with my reason. The world would probably have seen in me a second Guyon, or Bourignon. But my teacher, to whom the sensibility of my soul gave the greatest delight, because he was himself something of an enthusiast, was displeased with my sensual attachment to the father of spirits. He zealously inculcated the truths of the Catholic religion, in which I was educated, but at the same time warned me against all mystical, as well as free-thinking heretics. So much the more warmly did he recommend to me the performance of good works, the subjugation of the passions, and resignation to the decrees of the Eternal. From his instructions I brought back unsophisticated sensations, but the fulfilment of the ordinary duties of life appeared insufficient to my warm imagination. I wanted to sacrifice myself; I resolved to renounce the world, and to go into a convent.

"You may conceive how my determination was received in the house of my guardian, where every sentiment like those which I stood in need of, was a coin of an unknown stamp.

"By the young gentlemen who came to whisper tender things to me, I was now called the pietist, by my brother, the nun, and by my guardian, the fool. How I rejoiced in thus being the object of their ridicule! I now suffered for the performance of my duty; and now, as I thought, I had at least earned a leaf of the palm of the martyrs.

"A second time I was in danger of losing myself in the mazes of mysticism. Disgusted with the society which surrounded me, I courted solitude. Indifferent toward the world, which would have forced its pleasures upon me, I aspired to what was unattainable, and my imagination created for me a society

of supernatural beings. Such was my situation, when I had the good fortune to meet with a female friend, before my reveries had extinguished within me the feelings of human nature.

"From the day that friendship again attached me to the earth, from which enthusiastic devotion had so nearly disengaged me, I date the third period of my moral life.

"A more unequal pair than myself and the friend who for four years constituted the happiness of my life, fortune certainly never brought together. Though the very reverse of myself both in person and mind, I conceived a stronger affection for her than for any other object in the world, and in me alone she found what she sought in vain in men and women who were more like herself. She was not of noble birth, neither of that class which ranks the next to the nobility. Her father was master of the public school in the city, and she followed the profession of painting.

"A fancy of my guardian who wished to see my portrait among his family pictures, was the occasion of this tender attachment, the possibility of which I was far from suspecting. Francisca and I so perfectly understood each other's looks and words, before she had finished my portrait, that we had scarcely been half an hour together, when we threw ourselves into one another's arms, and thus commenced that union, which time still more strongly cemented. Our unusual manner was, as we soon mutually acknowledged, what engaged the notice of both. But much as she distinguished herself from the rest of her sex, so much did she differ from me. She belonged wholly to the world, which I was desirous of renouncing, but only that she might, in the feeling of her own independence, set herself above all those demands which the world of course made upon her. She, too, was indifferent about the opinion of others, more indifferent indeed than a woman ought to be; but not like me, from motives of religion. She thought it ridiculous, in judging of our actions, to pay any regard to the opinion of those who cannot be so intimately acquainted with us as we are with ourselves. She was conscientious, but only from principle, and not in order to comply with any rule. Frankness, humour, *naiveté*, and enthusiasm for every thing beautiful in the visible and invisible world, gave to her ideas an energy, to her words a fire, to her actions a vivacity, and to her whole being a superiority to which I was obliged to submit. It was a long time before I could bring myself to approve of what she said and did. But she had gained my heart. In her mode of feeling she was more of a man than a woman, and she absorbed all my affection.

"If we continue longer together, my dear friend, I will relate to you some anecdotes, which will prove what a noble mind, though unshackled by rules, my friend possessed. You will then be able to comprehend the dominion which, without wishing to rule, she exercised over my sentiments. From her I learned to forget heaven for earth, which, on account of the beauties which I discovered and tasted in it, became to me a second heaven. She persuaded me to relinquish my intention of taking the veil. She so thoroughly convinced me of the impossibility of conceiving in imagination the joys of a future life, that I soon began to laugh myself at my mystical reveries. She demonstrated to me that man would not have been placed on earth, had he not been designed to enjoy all the beauties that it affords. My wishes daily grew more human, yet I did not feel myself debased; for any degrading thought or action would perhaps have been more easily forgiven by my confessor than by my friend. She never talked of principles, and had very few that she followed; but to these few, which comprehended the whole essence of morality, she most strenuously adhered.

"What hours did we pass together in cheerful converse, or in exercising the creative powers of imagination! What plans did we form, what air-built castles did we construct! We traced the course of our future lives down to the remotest period. She was determined never to marry, and I, persuaded by her reasons, resolved to follow her example. We hoped to grow old together, and to shew the world that two female friends can dispense with every thing but their mutual affection, and that, to complete their happiness, they have no occasion for the intervention of the other sex.

"Fate, however, decreed, that this hope should not be realized. My friend, my beloved friend died.

"Here permit me to conclude for to-day the first part of my history. The second begins better, and ends still more unfortunately than the first. Now come with me into the garden. I must shew you the monuments of friendship, as I have shewn you those of love."

The stranger followed the recluse, and was conducted by her from one monument to another, but without paying particular attention to what she saw and heard. More than once, as if absorbed by new thoughts, she held her hand to her forehead, and looked around without taking notice of any thing. The recluse observed her distraction; but she was too

deeply engaged with the recollection of past scenes to enquire the reason of it. Both left the garden in such a confusion, as if they had communicated to each other either too much or too little. The stranger wished to be alone. At dinner time she begged to be excused, shut herself up in her apartment, and was engaged till evening in writing. When it grew dark, she sent her servant, as she informed the recluse, with a letter to her physician in the next town. This place was likewise a post town, and the servant, instead of going to the physician, procured a courier, whom he dispatched in great haste with a packet for Marseilles.

Next morning, after breakfast, the recluse related the second part of her story.

"By the death of my friend, I became one of the most forlorn of all beings endued with sensibility. Never had I yet had such experience of life—never had I sustained such a loss. To heaven I had been unfaithful, and earth, as I imagined, had nothing more to offer. I had advanced so far beyond the childish affection with which I had four years before been attached to the memory of my father, that I could not return to it. During that interval I had learned too much. I had become too intimately acquainted with hope, to be satisfied with that compensation which recollection could afford. That I, who was ready to make such sacrifices, should be deprived of that which constituted my only happiness, seemed to me an unprecedented hardship. The excess of my grief was not mitigated by religion; on the contrary, I murmured at the decrees of fate. My melancholy was converted into sullen indifference.

"In this state, in which I pushed aside every hand that was outstretched to support me, I continued almost a year, discontented with myself, and still more dissatisfied with the world. Sometimes I encouraged my former resolution of taking the veil, at others I abandoned it again, because the monastic life appeared joyless and uncomfortable. A feeling for which I could find no name impelled me onward, as it were, and frustrated all my endeavours to sacrifice the future to the past. I had at one time been ready to resign every thing; but now when it came to the trial, so far from submitting to the will of fate, I seemed disposed to extort from it by force its most valuable gift. And could any gift be more precious than such a friend as she whose loss I deplored?—The thought of dying unbeloved, was almost as terrible as that of everlasting perdition.

"Before I was fifteen I had read most of the celebrated novels, and among the rest, Rousseau's Heloise. At that time I could not conceive how this book could be thought so dangerous; for its perusal had as often given me *ennui* as pleasure. A few passages, however, had impressed themselves more deeply on my memory than I wished; and these glowed within me in characters of fire, now when I darted my anxious looks into futurity as into an unknown wilderness. 'I too shall die without having lived;' exclaimed a voice in my bosom. I read Heloise a second time, and now my imagination, to which friendship no longer afforded nourishment, was occupied with images of disappointed love. Thus in my nineteenth year I was ripe for my fate.

"Engaged with reveries which fortunately nobody divined, I awaited, in a company which my guardian had invited, the arrival of my brother. Private business had separated him from us for half a year. He had been in Russia, was now on his return, and as he informed us, was accompanied by a fellow-traveller from the north of Germany, who intended to pass through our city on his way to Vienna. A fellow-traveller of my brother! thought I, what can that be but a man like himself? and consequently a person from whose society I can promise myself no pleasure or comfort? I nevertheless found a satisfaction in figuring to myself his image, not such as I expected but as I wished him to look. My brother had mentioned that he would pass a few days with us. Such were the thoughts with which I was occupied while we were waiting on the appointed day for the arrival of the travellers.

"If the trifling circumstances of that day were as interesting to you, my friend, as to me, I would relate to you all that passed from minute to minute; I would tell you how each of the company sat or stood when the travellers entered, and every word that passed between them and myself on the occasion.

"It was a serene day of autumn. We had assembled in a garden in front of the house. The company was numerous; preparations had been made for an entertainment, and fireworks provided for the evening. I was tormented with questions about my ill humour; my play-fellows, for so they shall be called, though I had little inclination to partake of their sports, plundered the plum-trees, and pelted each other with the fruit, while I took my scissars from the case, and cut profiles out of the leaves.

"But what are all these trifles to you? You must be aware of what is to follow, and that my brother's fellow-traveller, who became acquainted with me when in such an ill humour, is destined to make a conspicuous figure in

my history. My eyes discovered him sooner than his perceived me; my whole soul was fixed upon him the moment I saw him, so that I almost entirely forgot my brother. How could it be otherwise? He bore no resemblance to my brother either in his appearance or his behaviour. How, thought I, could two persons so totally different form an acquaintance with each other?

"My brother first presented his companion to my guardian, and then introduced him to me. I blushed like a child that had never seen a stranger before. One circumstance not a little remarkable was, that this stranger actually had some resemblance to the picture of him which my imagination had drawn. The world would not perhaps reckon him handsome. He was tall, and rather slender than otherwise. His countenance displayed more delicacy than fire; but every feature was replete with animation, and his eye moved as though it could speak every language. It seemed to me as if at that moment we sympathized even in our humour. He was grave and absent; his tone was colder than I should have expected from so accomplished a man, when paying the first compliment to a female; and yet he appeared uneasy when, after a few common questions and answers, I left him to the company and addressed myself to an older acquaintance.

"I followed him with my eyes, but not without great caution, and when I thought he was not observing me. It afforded me some small satisfaction that he was not more talkative with the other ladies to whom he was presented than with me; with the gentlemen also he was extremely short. I took aside one of my acquaintance after the other, and asked how they liked the stranger. They thought him interesting, as they were pleased to express themselves, but not at all amiable. I declared that he had made the same impression upon me, though in fact it was of a very different kind.

"It was not long before he again stood, without having sought me, by my side. He was now more talkative, and conversed in as different a tone as though the quarter of an hour in which we had not spoken to each other had been a year passed in habits of the closest intimacy. Travelling, and the uniformity of common life, were the subjects of conversation; every word he said proved to me that he had thought much, and that his sentiments respecting life in general, nearly coincided with mine. Some ladies, who had pretensions to wit, joined in our conversation; he listened to them with the same politeness as to me. Whatever they said obtained them some compliment, but my only recompence was his serious approbation. The ladies did not seem perfectly satisfied with their share, but I was so much the more pleased with mine.

"I now began to be uneasy whenever he approached me, and I acknowledged to myself without reserve, that he was an object worthy of my love. The company withdrew from the garden to a pavilion, and I lost sight of the stranger. Meanwhile it grew dark, and each gentleman sought a female companion. I had intended to avoid the stranger, but before I was aware, I found him by my side. At the moment when the rockets and squibs occupied the eyes and ears of all, we were both engaged in as philosophical a conversation as if the silence of midnight reigned around us. We conversed on the happiness and enjoyment of life. 'Love alone,' said he, 'renders life worth enjoying; and love alone can make us so unhappy that life with all its pleasures resembles continual death.' This he said without looking at me, and, as I should imagine, without any reference to me; but it flashed like lightning to my heart. I was disposed to ask him in jest if he spoke from experience, but I could not. He continued to reason upon his text, and I made observations as well as I could.

"I was desirous to know how he had become acquainted with my brother. In order to change the conversation I asked the question. He looked stedfastly at me, and said in a whisper,—'Through you.'

"Through me! said I, with surprize. How can that be?—'I almost forced myself as a companion upon your brother,' replied he, 'for the purpose of making myself acquainted with you.'

"I could scarcely breathe. At the moment when he was going to proceed, he was interrupted by a squib, which, as I afterwards found, was mischievously thrown at us by my brother, who had overheard our philosophical conversation. A loud laugh betrayed him, when I sprung aside with a shriek. We were now obliged to rejoin the company. The stranger quitted me, and soon afterwards left us all, without assigning any reason why he would not stay to supper. My brother and guardian pressed him to accept a lodging with us while he remained in our city, but he was not to be persuaded. He requested permission to visit us every day, took a hasty leave of me, and departed.

"How gladly would I also have left the company! Surprise and curiosity had so overcome me that I scarcely knew where I was.

The one imposed silence on all my thoughts, the other kept me in anxious suspense. I could not take my seat at the table before I had asked my brother where and how he became acquainted with the stranger.

'Has he already found the way to your heart?' asked my brother, laughing. 'But take care,' continued he; 'and if you are wise cut the bird's wings, or shut him up in the cage of matrimony, while he is tame. He might otherwise grow wild again, and fly away.'

"I was rather disconcerted; but recovering myself replied, that this was no answer to my question, and that what I wanted to know was, where and how he had become acquainted with him.

'Where else but at the gaming-table?' said my brother, laughing as before. 'Do you suppose that he is not fond of play because he is a philosopher? He is one of the philosophers of the new school; he is as fond of cards as of books, and when he has read and played till he is tired, he seeks some kind female, and finds one, I dare say, wherever he finds an inn.'

"An involuntary shuddering seized me. Once more I requested my brother to give me an answer to my question, instead of those useless particulars which I considered as calumnies.

"He turned round and burst into a loud laugh. Before he went away he again turned to me, and with a tone of mingled irony and gravity said:—'Sister, you are a philosopher yourself; can you be so dull as not to perceive that you will soon marry a philosopher?'

"With this apostrophe he left me. If I was before embarrassed I was now confounded. All my feelings and all my thoughts were at variance with each other."

[*To be continued.*] p. 159

FRAGMENT OF A JOURNEY IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE;

GIVING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE RESIDENCE OF BUFFON, THE CELEBRATED NATURALIST.

WE pursued the road towards Montbard, where we arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon. We were very anxious to see this spot so celebrated by the labours of the immortal Buffon, and which will long be the end of many literary pilgrimages.

We were ushered in by the worthy Lapierre, who lived forty-three years with the Count de Buffon, in the capacity of gardener, and who still takes care of this dwelling for the widow of his unfortunate son.* The house, which is large, rather resembles the residence of a Bourgeois than a castle; it is situated in the principal street, and the court-yard is at the back of it. You ascend some steps to enter the garden, which is on the ruins of the ancient castle, the walls of which still form terraces. At the extremity there still exists an octagonal tower, in which Buffon made his observations on the effect of reflected wind. This singularly picturesque garden would be well worthy of being visited, even were it not rendered so interesting by the remembrances which it recalls to our mind. It is not kept in the same order as during the life of its illustrious proprietor; but the great number of foreign trees which he had collected, form a very agreeable shade; the flowers which Buffon delighted to raise in great profusion are, however, no longer to be seen. The kitchen-garden is situated towards the south-east, on seven of the fourteen terraces of which these grounds are composed. It would have been impossible to have derived more advantage from this wildly rural spot.

The worthy Lapierre shewed us every place to which his late master had been partial; particularly a cabinet in which Buffon used to study in the warmest season of the year; it is situated in a pavilion called *La Tour de St. Louis*, St. Louis's Tower. This simple and modest laboratory has been described by Herault de Sechelles. It is entered by two green folding doors; the interior resembles a chapel, on account of its vaulted roof; the walls are painted green. Lapierre made us particularly remark another cabinet, a little square building, situated on the edge of a terrace; here it was that Buffon passed the greatest part of the year on account of the coldness of the other. From this pavilion the view extends over a plain, embellished by the river Braine, and bordered by numerous de-

* Put to death on the revolutionary scaffold, the 28th of July, while saying with dignified calmness the following words:—"Citizens, my name is Buffon." Which proved he possessed an exalted soul, and a consciousness of the respect with which his name ought to have inspired all who were not assassins or executioners.

lightful cottages. It was here that Buffon composed almost all his works; he repaired to this spot at sunrise, caused the doors and shutters to be closely shut, and worked until two o'clock by the light of a few tapers. Prince Henry, who was desirous of visiting this modest cabinet, gave it the name of the *Cradle of Natural History*. J. J. Rousseau before entering it knelt down, and kissed the threshold of the door. During Buffon's life it was ornamented with drawings of birds and quadrupeds. How much pleasure we should have experienced in contemplating these drawings, the old leathern chairs, the wooden table, the rude walnut-tree *secretaire* which ornamented this cabinet, the arm-chair in which Buffon used to sit, having before him a print of Newton! but the revolutionary *brigands* envied the lovers of literature this enjoyment; they have stripped this sanctuary of the Muses, the simplicity of which ought to have protected it from their sacrilegious rapacity. Not a vestige remains of these things, which, notwithstanding their rusticity, would now be worth their weight in gold.

We could not leave this spot without the greatest reluctance, and almost fancying we still beheld Buffon, dressed in his grey silk night-cap, and his red striped morning gown; we thought we heard him amidst those familiar expressions, *C'est ça, tout ça, par Dieu*;* saying those deep and striking words which instantly manifested the superiority of his genius. We were however compelled to quit these gardens to visit the remainder of the town, that we might be enabled to resume our journey early in the morning.

On our return we passed by the pillar which Buffon's son erected to the memory of his father. This monument has been allowed to remain, but its inscription has been effaced, which commemorated filial affection, as if the sentiments of nature were an outrage to liberty. The following is the inscription:—

Excelsæ turri, humilis columna;
Parenti suo, filius Buffon, 1785.

"The humble column to the lofty tower;
"To his father, Buffon the son, 1785."

The good Lapierre, his instructions keeping pace with the interest we displayed, allowed nothing to pass unobserved; he shewed us the house that belonged to Daubenton, Buffon's assiduous companion in his labours; he made us remark the staircase which our author ascended every morning at five o'clock, to repair to the cabinet we had visited.

We proceeded to the church, which is situated on a rising ground; we here saw no monument consecrated to the memory of Buffon, but notwithstanding the wreck which has destroyed them, his name is imperishable. The modest tomb which he erected to his interesting wife, Mad. de Saint Blin, has also disappeared. The entrance to this church is by a staircase with a balustrade, but there is also one for carriages. Near it there is a small esplanade and an alley of trees, from which a good prospect of the town and adjacent country opens to the sight. It is here that Buffon, after having attended mass, which he did regularly, used to walk, richly dressed, accompanied by his son and father Ignace, and surrounded by the peasantry.

We wished to have seen the forges from which Buffon derived the most considerable part of his revenue, but for this we must have gone a league out of the town. The sheep-fold in which the illustrious Daubenton had made his experiments for the improvement of wool, would also have been worthy our attention, but the fleecy tribe are no longer kept there.

We soon explored the little town of Montbard, which is severed in two by the river Braine. Night had almost set in when we arrived at our inn, where a new pleasure awaited us. We had refused sleeping at the post house, on account of its distance from the town, and had put up at the sign of *l'Ecu*. This inn is kept by a man of the name of Gautier, who was formerly Buffon's cook; I believe that if he had been much less skilled in his art we should have found his cooking excellent; but it was really very good. Madame Gautier, who had lived from her youth, as well as her husband, in the service of this great man, was charmed with our enthusiasm; she remained in the room all the time we were at dinner, shewed us every attention, related particulars of Buffon, his family, many persons who have visited Montbard, and gave us a list of all the distinguished characters whom she had seen there. On learning we were going to Dauphiné, she gave us a letter for M. de Faujas. We should have liked much to have seen Mademoiselle Blesseau, a little peasant whom Buffon had made his *gouvernante*, and who finished by governing him; she lived with the interpreter of nature for the space of twenty years; and had obtained such an ascendancy over him, that it was necessary for those who wished to please Buffon first to obtain her favour. Madame Necker shewed the greatest consideration for her, and corresponded with her. Unfortunately she was at this time absent.

* 'Tis this, all this, by God.

ON GALLANTRY.

When we consider the cares and anxieties, the torments and disappointments which usually attend the pursuit of what the world calls gallantry, and how many untrodden ways and thorny paths it leads its followers into, it is astonishing that so many men should be so eager in its pursuit.

There is a wide distinction between love and gallantry. Love exalts and purifies our nature; gallantry clouds and debases it. Love is imposed on us by nature to soften the rigidity of our temper, assuage the violence of our passions, and sweeten the bitter draught of life. Gallantry is what we impose upon others, with a view to trifle away our time and gratify our vanity, at the expense of their ease and happiness. But in the pursuit of gallantry, the ball often rebounds upon the hand which gives it motion, and whilst we are endeavouring to destroy the honour and peace of mind of another, it frequently happens that we insensibly undermine our own.

Love is that prepossession which we feel for a particular person, of whose perfections we are more than ordinarily sensible, whose figure and turn of mind strike our fancy, who at once commands our esteem and excites our tenderness, and for whose sake we could contentedly give up every other pursuit, expecting to find in the enjoyment of the beloved object the completion of happiness. Such a passion inspires us with the most refined sentiments, and exalted notions, gives us elevation of mind, and benignity of temper, annihilates every vice, and improves and strengthens every virtue.

Gallantry, on the contrary, is the bane of all merit; it is a general and vain desire of being liked by every body we come near, and liking nobody ourselves. A man of this turn of mind can be neither a true friend nor a sincere lover; he can neither give nor receive any lasting satisfaction. His views are unbounded, because his designs are so general that his work can never be at an end whilst there is a woman unconquered. He is a stranger to the inexpressible delight of a reciprocal passion, because he has no sooner gained the ascendancy over one woman than his mind is monopolized by schemes to obtain the affections of another; and thus he spends his whole time in pursuit of what must eventually produce repentance and remorse. His pleasures are flat and insipid, because he regards no one woman but as a step to another; and if it were possible for him to subdue them all, he would regret that there were no more to conquer, or else exclaim—"it is all vanity and vexation of spirit."

It would be more excusable if none but fools and coxcombs followed this unwarrantable practice; but to our shame be it said, men of the most refined understanding take the same method. Vanity is as predominant in a man of sense as in an ignorant blockhead, and however we may charge women with that foible, we have full as much of it ourselves. What else can betray us into the weakness of courting every woman we see, and endeavouring to gain a favourable opinion of ourselves from many of them whose judgment we despise? The true reason is, that we think it serves to establish us in the opinion of the world, and gives us an authority with others for whom we have a greater regard.

It must be allowed that the women, in a great measure, contribute to our guilt; for notwithstanding their partiality to their own opinion in most matters, yet they are very apt to judge of a man from the general reception he has met with. Thus we see fops and fools succeed with women of sense, who are often humane enough to take a lover upon trust, and on the judgment of other people, though they may depend solely on their own in every thing else. In these cases a woman's pride is concerned; she fancies it is a great proof of the power of her charms, if she can attract a man who has been favoured by other women, and she thinks, according to the old song,

"If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
"That heart which others bleed for, bleed for me."

Not considering that the man who obtains the good graces of the women in general, is seldom worth the regard of any one in particular.

These triflers in love, in both sexes, may be justly compared to flies that play about scalding liquors till they fall in and lose their life. But as no warning will prevent them from continuing their course, they must be left to their own experience, which, sooner or later, will infallibly convince them, that no attachments between the sexes can be satisfactory and permanent, but such as are founded on similitude of manners, and mutual esteem and affection.

THE CESTUS OF VENUS.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE PAPER ENTITLED "THE CESTUS OF VENUS," IN NO. 25, OF OUR MAGAZINE, IN A LETTER TO THE AUTHOR, BY A LADY.

SIR,

I AM a woman who, though otherwise happy, am greatly hurt at the manner in which my sex is treated by yours. I have a kind of partial benevolence for them which is my torment. I do not mind your ridiculing our fashions, our knotting, or those trifling foibles which are inseparable from the course of life to which we are so unjustly confined; but I am hurt at the cowardly attacks which are made upon us in the more material articles of character, from a supposition of our inability to defend ourselves in public.

Possessing a lively sense of these injuries, I cannot remain silent, but I hope I shall not be thought either uncandid or unjust. You may suppose me as you please, maid, wife, or widow. If the first, to be sure I am an old neglected one, and consequently satirical and morose; if the second, I am certainly a termagant, and my poor husband is to be pitied; and if the last, some young fellow has surely jilted me, and I hate the whole sex for his sake. It is enough that I am a woman, and wield the pen for the honour of my sex, and not for any private wrongs of my own.

You pretend that our manners have been much injured by our perusal of certain moral writers; or, in other words, you wish to deter us from such a course of reading as may improve that reason which is given to us in as ample a degree as to men. This betrays the narrow wish of your whole sex: conscious ye are that nothing but our perverted education could support your boast of superiority, and that with the same advantages of instruction we should be very nearly a match for you in almost every thing in which bodily strength is not concerned.

I call upon the observing parent to vouch for the early dawn of reason, the kindly opening of the intellect, the powers of comprehension, memory, and discrimination, which the female child exhibits before improper education damps all its vigorous efforts, and not only denies it the due assistance, but directs its energy to mere trifles, and fills it with a passion for finery and gewgaws; I call upon the uninstructed of both sexes to stand forth, and show the woman's superiority; I call upon those females whose active minds have dispelled the cloud, and shone in history, poetry, criticism, and philosophy.

But it is apprehended that by reading we may be argued out of some of those pretty accomplishments so necessary to the happiness of the men, or, that we may become conscious of our own powers, assert our dignity, and assume a somewhat higher character than that of beings formed for mere foolery and dalliance. It is however allowed that we have a strong natural propensity to refinement, elegance, and love. I fear this is, to our misfortune, too true. But where, as the world goes, can these propensities be gratified? Surely not among men, who when they mean to be refined, always pay us the involuntary compliment of previously becoming effeminate; whose elegance is always foppery, and who, instead of love, value themselves, with much animal importance, on a gross, capricious, selfish passion totally devoid of sentiment, constancy, friendship, and affection.

But we are told that the men would be all we could wish, if we would only borrow a little from the loose ones of our sex; and that they, good creatures! love not vice, but only seek for happiness. I deny the truth of this assertion, for we see many instances of the greatest elegance of person, and exact attention to the ornaments of dress, thrown away on the dullest insensibility, nay, entirely neglected, to skulk into the embraces of ugliness, ignorance, and vice; and this for a noble reason, and worthy of a man, because the first were united to virtue and good sense in the person of a wife, and the last were recommended by one single irresistible charm, that of vice; whose characteristic it is to forsake beauty and prey on trash. Nor is it merely by dress and compliance with their whims, that these lordly creatures are governed, for the overbearing dominion of the shrew is often very effectual, provided it be joined to the charm aforesaid, and in many instances the bastinado has been very successfully applied, and very gracefully crouched under.

These are the beings for whom we are to wear the *cestus!* for whose amusement every hour of our lives should be applied, and our reason left uncultivated! This is the creature who calls on us to view him, to examine, to explore, consider, and study him as the standard of perfection!

You seem really to lament that custom does not admit us to a personal observation of the

scenes of vice, and with great delicacy request us to supply this want, by raising our imagination to the subject.—I allow we have pride and ambition, both given us for the noblest purposes, to raise and animate our conduct to pursuits worthy of rational beings; and to court, above all applause, even that of unerring man, that of the monitor in our own bosom. My pride is, that I am a woman and can do this; my ambition, that I may always be able to do so.

How candid, wise, honest, delicate, and consistent are the lords of the creation! They breed us up in ignorance, and then make it their favourite subject of ridicule; if, in spite of their endeavours, any rays of genius break out, then all the wretched sensations of envy are raised, and they labour to expose the reverse of that folly which they laughed at before. They themselves are oracles of wisdom; one would imagine that to such, good sense would be very pleasing. No; to captivate wisdom, we must dress, and paint, and patch, and lisp, and amble. We must smile, and we must frown, and the less reason for either, the more attractive will it be to wisdom. Even the finest faces among us, if they have any meaning except a certain one, are not allowed to be beautiful. Our very imperfections have a pleasing prettiness in them, because they keep us still farther from the dreaded equality; and the sillier, the emptier, the more childish, and the more truly ridiculous we are, the greater favourites we become of wisdom, and the greater is our ascendancy over it. Our principles too, must be strictly delicate, or by custom established by their authority, infamy and the severest penalties attend us: yet we are told in the same breath, that there is an intolerable insipidity in virtue, and that we ought always to make the adepts in vice our models of behaviour, if we mean to delight the delicacy of these worthy legislators.

I am aware with what a scornful, yet jealous eye, a female production will be read. At the first glance there will be a shrug, and a half look of pity; then it will be pronounced to be not raillery, but railing, trifling, low, unconnected, rambling,:—flimsy style, no method.

I am perfectly easy about all this, and am comforted by the reflection that every man who reads it, if he understands it, will be galled, for it is truth. Although the lion in the fable could not paint pictures, yet he could growl, and had the means when provoked, of convincing the man of his natural superiority.

Your's,

MARIA.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM ANOTHER LADY ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

This letter is the effusion of a grateful heart, that wishes for powers to make a more suitable return to the benignity of a few men, who have condescended to inform us of the blandishments of friendship; and to entreat them to proceed in the generous purpose. Accustomed as I have been, both in books and conversation, to the dogmatizing stoick, inflated with self-approbation, partial to his own faults, too often vices, merely from their enormity, whilst he sinks us into despair, merely as if nothing but trifles deserved censure! how can I refuse this public testimony of my regard to men who appear to be instigated by the most delicate and generous sensibility; as ardently solicitous for our happiness as for their own felicity; which are indeed so intertwined, that to separate them would destroy the bliss of both.

It is indeed impossible for a woman to reflect without astonishment on the ascendancy which illiberal females, often devoid of every charm of mind and person, have established over your sex; and when they meet with men of cultivated understandings and refined minds, this is often carried to a flagrant tyranny; whilst we daily see the most amiable of our sex, if they be wives, neglected, perhaps used with brutality. It is with real concern, free from resentment, that I declare I never knew a truly lovely woman treated with complaisance by her husband. You have given me more satisfaction on this subject than I ever before received; and, without reserve, I confess that women of virtue and erudition do not always sacrifice as liberally to the graces as they should do. The reasons are too obvious to need a disquisition; besides, those unhappy women, who are obnoxious to our laws, helpless and friendless, compel the protection of the generous by the strongest attractions, imbecility and dependence.

The depravity of women in exalted stations is said to be general; and I fear the censure is too well founded, as it is the natural consequence of the corruption and inconstancy of the men. Justice and candour must allow that these women are objects, not of detestation but of pity; stimulated, as they are, by every incitement that can soothe the proud, allure the voluptuous, and gratify the malignity of the revengeful. What, alas! is beauty, sensibility, softness, but the source of misfortunes, and the origin of vice, by strongly exciting the desires of the sensual?

Men have private seminaries and public colleges for their instruction; every faculty of the mind has been impressed to form their judgment, and bestow solidity on their understanding. Take us helpless and unsupported, under your protection, recommend to parents the expansion of our minds, while they are ductile, adapted to our station and fortune; that is in proportion to the leisure we shall probably have. But, with humble deference, I would advise rather to exceed than fall short; as I have observed in the lowest ranks, times for idleness, and those that are but a little elevated, space for cards and gossiping. I am persuaded this would add much to your happiness; for, as Milton says,

"Among unequals what society
"Can sort, what harmony or true delight?"

The ladies may apply to themselves these lines:

Nos quoque pars mundi, quoniam non corpora solum,
Verum etiam volucres animæ sumus.

OVID, METAMORPH.

According to this free translation,

"We too, the soul's immortal essence claim
"And our just share of intellectual fame."

THE LADIES' TOILETTE OR, ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

[*Continued from Page* 72.]

CHAP. XV.

Of Bathing.

THE pleasing mythology of the Greeks concealed under agreeable emblems all the truths presented by the sciences, morals, and philosophy. A brilliant colouring imparted charms to the driest precepts. The imagination of that celebrated people put every thing in action, and knew how to invest the most austere sciences with the veil of attractive allegory. Physicians have long affirmed that the use of the bath is favourable to beauty; the Greeks have represented the goddess of love rising from the bosom of the deep. Is not this ingenious fiction designed to signify that water is the element which creates beauty, and that in its vivifying waves the most seductive charms are produced and improved?

It is very true that of all received practices none has a more decided influence upon health as well as beauty, than the frequent use of the bath. It has been remarked that the nations among whom it was the most common were particularly distinguished for physical perfection and the most constant flow of health.

The use of the bath was general among the Greeks and among the Romans, and to this salutary habit Baglivi ascribes the longevity and the vigour of most of the people of antiquity.

When we compare the way of living of the Romans with our own, we find how much nearer theirs approached to nature and how much more favourable it was to health. The afternoon with them was entirely devoted to corporal exercises, to tennis or ball, to dancing or walking. But at the hour of three, every one hastened to the bath; neither could a person neglect this practice without incurring the risk of being taxed with shameful negligence. There persons of all ranks met, there the poets recited their compositions, and laid the foundation of their fame.

Though all physicians are agreed respecting the utility of the bath, they are far from being unanimous as to the manner of taking it. Some have extolled hot baths, and others have been as loud in praise of cold ones. Antonius Musa, physician to Augustus, discovered such extraordinary virtues in cold baths, that he regarded them as an universal specific. Accordingly he prescribed, the cold bath to all his patients be their disorder what it might. By a lucky accident he cured the Emperor himself. Accident has often produced astonishing effects; but in medicine, in particular, it often works miracles, for which unfortunately people do not acknowledge themselves under any obligation to it. Accident, in this instance, established the fame of Antonius Musa, who gathered, without any merit or trouble, the fruits of the efforts of nature alone. This physician was venerated like a god; a magnificent statue was erected to him, and the Emperor conferred on him the extraordinary honour of wearing a gold ring. Some time afterwards the young Marcellus fell sick; Musa prescribed the cold bath, and Marcellus fell a victim the

the ignorance or obstinacy of Musa, who sunk from the highest pinnacle of reputation into the utmost contempt, and was obliged to remove to some other place, to bury his disgrace and his system.

The opinion of our physicians concerning the effect and properties of baths has varied as much as upon many other subjects. Every century has had its system.

The debilitating and relaxing action of hot baths, and the bracing and strengthening effect of cold ones, were long maintained. Marcard appeared, and produced a great revolution in this theory. He proved that hot baths so far from debilitating, tend, on the contrary, to brace the system, when the temperature of the water is not higher than that of the body; and his opinion is admitted by most modern physicians. This system, indeed, is not a new one, for the greatest physicians of antiquity held the same opinion relative to hot baths that we entertain at the present day. The hot baths were dedicated to Hercules, the god of strength, and the Romans made daily use of them.

When physicians proclaimed the debilitating quality of hot baths, they extolled, on the contrary, the strengthening virtue of cold baths. But experience has proved that the praises they bestowed on the latter were exaggerated, and too many experiments made upon unfortunate children, the victims of a murderous system, have shewn how easy it is to be led astray by specious reasonings from the paths of truth.

Prudent persons now leave the use of the cold bath to the inhabitants of the polar regions: it is ill adapted to those of hot, or even of temperate climates, where it should be permitted to none but persons of a very vigorous constitution. Even then it is necessary for a person to attend to certain essential precautions, such as not to bathe either when in perspiration, or if very cold; and on coming out of the bath to wipe one's self perfectly dry, so as not to leave any humidity upon the body.

We would advise females desirous of preserving their beauty, very seldom to use the cold bath, unless it be prescribed by the physician for the sake of their health. The cold bath, considered as a cosmetic, possesses no virtue whatever; it renders the skin hard and scaly; and this induration of the skin may prove injurious to health, by checking insensible perspiration in a particular manner.

Still less would we advise cold baths for children. During infancy and youth, persons of a weak constitution often fall victims to these baths; and even those who are more robust are sometimes carried off by a practice which is not suited to our climate.

Such is the doctrine of the most celebrated practitioners, some of whom have been convinced by long experience of the danger of cold baths for children. With pain, however, I observe that a modern physician, in a work recently published, advises ablutions of cold water for the convulsions of infants. I shall not mention the name of this writer; it would be unnecessary, since I shall content myself with protesting against his opinion, without pretending to set myself up for a censor of his doctrine. I shall merely observe with Marcard, whom I have already cited, that cold baths, by acting upon the nerves may very possibly have sometimes cured nervous affections; but that it is not improbable they may have given rise more frequently to others, as Hippocrates and Galen of old remarked. Some writers attribute the croup, an endemial disease in Scotland, to a practice which is general among the natives of that country, who with their children are said to plunge into the water, without suffering the rigors of winter to interrupt this custom.

Warm baths contribute exceedingly to the preservation of beauty; they give freshness and an exquisite colour to the skin. Hippocrates recommends the washing of children with warm water, to protect them from convulsions, to facilitate their growth, and to heighten their colour.

Persons who are in a very weak state, those whose humours are agitated by fever or by any passion, should not bathe. When the body is too much heated, or covered with perspiration the bath is not adviseable.

Baths, if too hot, would produce an effect diametrically opposite to what is expected from them; like such as are too cold, they would injure the texture of the skin, render it dry and hard and impair the strength. When we advise the use of hot baths we speak of such as rise to the temperature of 18 or 20 degrees in winter, and 22 or 24 in summer: for it is always necessary that the temperature of the bath should bear a certain proportion to that of the atmosphere. Every one will easily conceive that a bath at 18 degrees which would seem warm in winter would feel rather cold in summer. The bath, at the degree we have mentioned, recruits the strength exhausted by fatigue, dilates the pores of the skin and facilitates the circulation.

Besides simple baths, there are likewise compound baths for the toilette. These are such to which certain substances are added to

augment their energy, or to communicate new properties.

A little soap may be added to the water; it then acts with more success, and cleanses the skin more perfectly. Instead of common soap you may use scented soaps, which communicate an agreeable smell to the skin; their composition we shall describe in another place. One kind of soap for the toilette, called Sultana soap, is in particular repute.

Some people put into the water for bathing, emollient or aromatic herbs. These baths perfume the skin, and render it softer and more supple. The women of Egypt add borax, to give the more lustre.

But the most celebrated baths are those of asses' milk. The ancient authors have immortalized the memory of the fifty she-asses, which accompanied the train of the celebrated Poppæa for this purpose.

A bath, called the bath of modesty, has long been extolled. It possesses, we are told, the same properties, as the bath of asses' milk, which would be very expensive; and is made as follows:—

Take four ounces of sweet almonds peeled; one pound of pine-apple kernels, and one pound of elecampane, ten handfuls of linseed, one ounce of roots of marsh-mallows, and one ounce of lily roots. Pound all these substances, make them into a paste, and tie it up in three little bags. Throw them into the water of the bath, and empty them by compression.

This bath of modesty may be made in a more simple manner. Nothing more is necessary, says Moreau de la Sarthe, than to take a quantity of paste of almonds sufficient to colour the water, and to give it a milky appearance.

On leaving the bath, females, especially such as have a delicate skin, should dry themselves with precaution, if they are desirous that it should preserve its softness and beauty. Some women have the skin covered with small tubercles; such, says the doctor whom I have just named, ought to use a sponge, rather than a towel, for friction cannot fail to take off the epidermis at the top of these tubercles, which would render the skin still rougher, and more uneven.

The use of oil after bathing, makes the skin more soft and supple, prevents the contact of the air, and thus protects it from the influence of that element, so destructive to the most perfect charms.

In France, and many other parts of Europe, it is difficult to make use of the bath so frequently as health, cleanliness, and the preservation of beauty would require. How many females are there whose avocations would suffer by a daily absence of too great length! How many would find it difficult to make even the little pecuniary sacrifice which this part of the toilette demands. Such persons may make amends by different particular lotions, which require neither care nor expence, nor loss of time. There are bathing of the feet, washing of the face, hands, &c. of which we shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

Cont. p 157

HISTORY OF BIANCA CAPELLO.

TOWARD the conclusion of the fifteenth century, Thomas Buonaventuri, a young Florentine, of a good family, but in low circumstances, lived with a countryman of his, a tradesman at Venice. Opposite to the house in which he resided, was the back-door of the mansion of Bartolomeo Capello, a noble Venetian. One of the inmates of the latter was a young female of extraordinary beauty, named Bianca. She was strictly watched, but yet, standing frequently at the window, according to the custom of her country, it was not long before she discovered Buonaventuri. Though he could not flatter himself with the hope of a nearer interview, he, nevertheless, did every thing he could to please her, and to disclose his inclination. He was young and handsome, and it was not long before he made a profound impression on the heart of the fair Bianca. In a word, the lovers at length found means to overcome every difficulty, and to attain to the completion of their wishes. Bianca did not fail late every night, when the rest of the family had retired to rest, to steal to the chamber of Buonaventuri, in the merchant's house, by means of the little back-door of Capello's mansion, which she left on the latch; and she always returned before day-break without being observed.

After she had carried on this game for a considerable time, she became, as is generally the case, bolder through custom, and having one morning remained longer than usual with her lover, a baker's boy happened to observe

that the little back-door was a-jar. Supposing that it had been left so by accident, he shut and fastened it.

The young lady soon afterwards came, and found, to her utter confusion, that she could not gain admittance. She hastened back to the house which she had just quitted, knocking softly at the door, and was admitted by her lover, whom she acquainted with this untoward accident. Gratitude, as well as love, induced him to come to a speedy determination. He resolved to sacrifice every thing to her safety, and instantly leaving the house, with Bianca, took lodgings with another Florentine. Here he kept himself as closely concealed as possible, till a favourable opportunity for escaping to Florence presented itself.

At Florence he had a small house in the Vialarga, near the church of St. Mark, opposite to a convent of nuns. Here they lived for some time in the greatest privacy, for fear of being discovered by emissaries from Venice.

Francis Maria, the son of Cosmo I. and father of Mary de Medicis, was at that time Grand Duke of Tuscany. He was married to Johanna of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Ferdinand, and Queen Dowager of Hungary; a very worthy Princess, but who was already advanced in years. For this reason the Grand Duke often preferred other women to his consort. One of his courtiers, who had a wife that was not less officious than himself in promoting the pleasures of the Grand Duke, commonly acted the part of his confidant in this kind of intrigues.

Notwithstanding the care with which Bianca kept herself concealed, the fair Venetian who had recently arrived, soon became the subject of general conversation at Florence. The report of her adventures, as well as her beauty, and her cautious seclusion, excited in the Grand Duke a strong desire to see her. With this view he daily passed by her house, and as her only favourite pastime was to stand at the window, it was not long before he had an opportunity of gratifying his curiosity. She was half covered by a veil, but the Grand Duke had seen enough to make him desperately in love with her.

The confidant, who soon remarked the irresistible passion of his master, was now equally solicitous with him to devise means of satisfying it. His wife, who was impressed with the same sentiments, was duly consulted. The hard fate which Bianca had hitherto experienced, and her melancholy prospects for the future, furnished the good lady with the fairest opportunity to give Bianca privately to understand, that she had some important communication to make, and to invite her to her house. Buonaventuri was long unwilling to suffer Bianca to accept this invitation. The high rank of the lady, on the one hand, and his own necessitous circumstances, on the other, at last overcame all his scruples. Bianca went, and was received with the most flattering civility, nay, even tenderness. She was requested to relate her history; it was listened to, at least apparently, with the deepest emotion; the most courteous offers were made her; she was loaded with marks of favour; presents were tendered, and their acceptance almost enforced.

Highly satisfied with this first essay, the Grand Duke flattered himself that at a second visit he might venture to make his appearance. The lady soon sent Bianca another invitation. She was treated as before, with the greatest tenderness and regard. After repeated declarations of compassion, and many compliments to her beauty, she was asked, if she did not wish to be introduced to the Grand Duke. He, for his part, continued her pretended friends, was ardently desirous of becoming acquainted with her, since he had already found an opportunity to see and to admire her. Bianca had either too little firmness or too little virtue to reject this new proposal. She endeavoured at first to decline it; but, as her wily seducer remarked, with eyes which expressed her wish to be urged still more. At this moment, as it had been previously concerted, the Grand Duke entered, as if by chance. Bianca was highly delighted with his person, his impassioned eulogiums, and his liberal offers. The visits were repeated, and an intimacy imperceptibly took place. Some presents which, coming from the hands of the sovereign, she durst not refuse, assisted the Grand Duke in the attainment of his end; and her husband at length deemed it unadvisable to interrupt a connection which was certainly profitable, and might perhaps be innocent. The Grand Duke was not one who was likely to stop when on the high road to success; the commands of the husband were employed to gain him the favour of Bianca; and to be brief, he finally attained the object of his wishes, to the entire satisfaction of all parties, so that he and Bianca, and Buonaventuri, agreed as perfectly together as the three sides of an equilateral triangle. The husband was soon uncommonly well pleased with his new situation; he removed with his beautiful wife into a better house, and every day made new acquaintances at court, and among the nobility. But this rapid elevation was more than the shopman could bear: prosperity rendered him, like

many others, haughty and overbearing; he began to treat persons of the highest distinction, and even the Grand Duke himself, with insolence; and by this conduct created so many enemies, that he was at length dispatched in the street by the stiletto of an assassin.

Who was more rejoiced than the Grand Duke and Bianca?—The latter now wholly divested herself of every vestige of modesty and reserve, and appeared in public in all her splendour.

Johanna, the wife of the Grand Duke, strove to conceal her just indignation at the conduct of her consort, and her jealousy of her beauteous rival; but she could not forbear laying it so seriously to heart, that she fell sick and died.

The decease of the Duchess opened new and still more brilliant prospects to the haughty Bianca. She had gained a complete ascendancy over the heart of the Grand Duke; he was obliged to do whatever she pleased, and she now employed all her arts to persuade him to a formal marriage with her. In vain did Cardinal Ferdinand de Medicis, the brother of the Grand Duke, and who, in failure of male issue, was the heir apparent to the throne, endeavour to counteract her machinations; she gained her point; and in a short time Bianca became Grand Duchess of Tuscany.

It was not long before she conceived a wish to present her husband with a son and successor. She directed prayers and masses to be read for her in the churches; she sent for astrologers and soothsayers; but all in vain. At length that she might have her will, she resolved to counterfeit pregnancy, and to palm upon her husband a supposititious child. Thus, as she imagined, she should at least have the honour of the thing. A bare-footed friar, in the convent of Ogni Santi, was easily induced by a bribe to undertake the execution of this plan. The Grand Duchess now began to be indisposed; she had extraordinary longings, and complained of tooth-ache, loathing, oppression of the stomach, &c. She kept her room, and afterwards her bed; she received the compliments of the court on the occasion, and nobody was so overjoyed as the Grand Duke himself.

When the time for her delivery had, according to her calculation, arrived, she suddenly raised a great outcry in the middle of the night, wakened her attendants, complained of the first pains of labour, and with the greatest impatience commanded them to send for her confessor, the bare footed friar.

The Cardinal, who was not a stranger to the craftiness of his sister-in-law, had long kept such a watchful eye upon her, that he was perfectly acquainted with her whole plan. Accordingly, the instant he was informed that the confessor was sent for, he repaired to the anti-chamber of the Grand Duchess, where he kept walking to and fro, reading his breviary. No sooner did the Grand Duchess hear him, than she sent out a message to request him for God's sake to withdraw, as she could not endure the thought of a man being there in her present circumstances. The Cardinal drily replied, "Your highness had better attend to your own concerns; I am attending to mine,"—and continued reading without interruption in his breviary. The confessor arrived. As soon as he entered, the Cardinal ran with open arms to meet him. "Welcome!" cried he, "welcome dear and venerable father! The Grand Duchess is in labour, and stands greatly in need of your assistance." With these words, he pressed the friar closely in his arms, and discovered a pretty new-born infant, which the good father had concealed in his bosom. He took it from him, and cried out loud enough for the Grand Duchess to hear him in the adjoining room; "God be thanked! the Grand Duchess is safely delivered of a sound and healthy son:"—at the same time shewing the child to all those who were present.

The Grand Duchess, incensed almost to madness by this exposure, resolved to take the most cruel revenge on the Cardinal, let it cost what it would. She soon contrived, that the Grand Duke, whose affection for her remained undiminished, should afford her an opportunity of gratifying her resentment.

All three of them once made an excursion to Poggio-a-Caino, and dined together. The Cardinal was extremely fond of almond-soup; the Grand Duchess ordered this dish to be provided for him. Having spies in all quarters, the Cardinal received information, that the almond-soup was poisoned, before it was brought in. He seated himself at the table, but notwithstanding the pressing invitations of the Grand Duchess, he would not take any of the almond-soup. "Well then," said the Grand Duke, "if the Cardinal will not have any, I will." He immediately helped himself. The reader may conceive the situation of the Grand Duchess at this moment. Unable to prevent his eating, without betraying her black design, and clearly perceiving that she was undone, she took herself all the rest of the poisoned soup, that she might be sure of escaping the vengeance of her brother-in-law. She and her husband died the same day, namely,

the 21st. of October 1587. The Cardinal succeeded his brother by the name of Ferdinand I. and reigned till the year 1608.

This narrative, which we are told, is taken from a manuscript, does not perfectly agree with history; for Moreri says, that Francis Maria had a legitimate son by his second marriage, named Antonio de Medicis, who lived till 1621.

The accuracy of this account is nevertheless supported by this incontestable fact, that the Grand-Duke Francis Maria was not succeeded by any son of his own, but by this very Cardinal Ferdinand, which could scarcely have been the case had the former left any legitimate male issue. Another circumstance which corresponds is, that according to the same writer, the Grand-Duke and his wife both died on the same day, which, according to him was the 9th of October.

ON THE EDUCATION AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF FEMALES.

In a late Number of our Magazine we presented our readers with a brief notice respecting the interesting *History of the Female Sex*, by Professor Meiners, of Göttingen. The following observations extracted from that work will be found well worthy of the attentive perusal of parents, and of all those who may be engaged in the important business of female education :—

The productions of the needle are brought to a higher degree of perfection as articles for sale in England, France, Switzerland, and Holland, than in Germany. Nevertheless, in the latter, the girls of the middling and higher classes are more carefully instructed in all kinds of needle-work, and the German ladies display greater industry in these occupations than the females of any other country in Europe. It is, as far as I know, a practice peculiar to our countrywomen to take with them their materials for knitting or other work when they go into the company of their female friends and acquaintances; instead of playing with their fans, or chusing the useless as well as expensive amusement of unravelling gold and silver thread, with which not very long ago, ladies of rank and fortune, in France and England, and also in some parts of Germany, employed themselves. Upon the whole the more common works, such as sewing, knitting, spinning, and the making of apparel ought to be preferred to the finer, such as the making of bone and thread-lace, tambour-work, embroidery, and the like; not only because the former are more useful, but because they are less liable to excite a passionate fondness for pursuing them: in which case such works may easily prove injurious to the eyes, or even to health in general, and produce a neglect of other more necessary avocations. I should be misunderstood, were my fair readers to imagine that I would dissuade them entirely from the finer works, or that I would discourage in every case, a decided partiality for them. Who could find fault with females possessing talents and industry, for indulging so innocent a passion, if a natural taste be combined with extraordinary skill, and can be gratified without prejudice to health, and without neglecting more important duties?—Many of my readers will probably be surprized that I should recommend spinning as a very useful employment. My reasons for so doing are deduced from a multitude of observations which I have had occasion to make for a long series of years. Ladies accustomed to an active life, may have the misfortune to lose their husbands, and with them a great portion of their pleasures, especially their domestic conversations and employments. At the same time the sight or health may be so far impaired as to prevent them from reading or going abroad into company and partaking of other diversions, so much as formerly. Under these circumstances it is fortunate if females possess inclination and talents for works that are not too fine, and require no extraordinary exertion, with which they may shorten and vary the long solitary days, and tedious evenings. Miss Wollstonecraft expresses herself with great acrimony against the making of "caps, bonnets, and the whole mischief of trimmings." It is certain that some women employ their talents in this way to gratify excessive luxury and a ridiculous love of fashion. In this, however, as in other things, the abuse does not annihilate the utility. I consider the practice of teaching girls to make their apparel, which has within these few years been adopted, as a very important improvement in female instruction. How could many fathers of numerous families make their incomes suffice, if

they were obliged to pay milliners and mantua-makers, for all the alterations which their wives and daughters chuse to make in their gowns, caps, and attire in general? Every saving that can be made in a family by the exertion of industry and skill becomes daily of more and more consequence.

A still more important science than any of those to which I have already alluded, and even than any other accomplishment which can adorn the person or the understanding of a woman, is that of domestic economy. In the higher and highest ranks, it has been customary from time immemorial, throughout almost all Europe, to relieve the mistress of the house entirely from the necessity of attending to the family concerns, by means of a number of domestics. But if these domestics are not judiciously chosen and sufficiently looked after, the consequence is, that families possessing princely revenues are involved, by the negligence of the masters and mistresses, and by the dishonesty, ignorance, and prodigality of the servants, in more than princely debts, and, like the majority of the Portuguese, Spanish, and Italian nobility, are obliged to starve almost the whole year in the interior of their palaces. Opulent merchants, tradesmen, and others likewise have it in their power to exonerate their wives from the burdens of domestic affairs by having stewards, housekeepers, and cooks of both sexes. But could we even presuppose, as we unfortunately cannot, that all these substitutes perform the duties of their situations with the same fidelity and care as an intelligent and industrious mistress; still, is not every unnecessary augmentation of a family attended with an increase of its expences, and might not the money be applied to a better purpose? The prices of all the articles of life are continually advancing, and the salaries of place-men and persons in various situations remain the same, or at least are not raised in the same proportion as the necessity or occasion for expence increases. How would men with a moderate income and a numerous family be capable of living in a style suitable to their rank were they not saved from ruin by the most economical management on the part of their wives in the domestic concerns? Thus it appears that the existence and welfare of hundreds, nay thousands of families, depend in all places on the prudence and attention of the mistresses. Is it not then unpardonable negligence and error in mothers not to make their daughters pay an early and serious attention to the management of a house, from an idea that they are too good for such occupations, that they will be able to dispense with the knowledge which these require, from the advantageous matches which their beauty or talents will not fail to ensure! Is it not an inexcusable folly in young females who are not very rich themselves, and probably will not obtain husbands with large fortunes, to disdain the offices of domestic economy as low and menial employments? Such silly creatures ought to be punished with the contempt of all rational people, and thus reminded of their duty. In the present state of things it is very rarely the case, that young married people of the middling classes have, at the commencement of their union, such an income as to support the expence that would accrue from the ignorance and inexperience of the mistress of the family, without running into debt, and thus involving themselves in misery for the greatest part of their lives. In most matrimonial connections it may be assumed, that to the income of the husband must be added the utmost frugality on the part of the wife, to enable them to live with decency. A young man, therefore, who intends to marry, and has not a sufficient fortune to keep servants to perform all the duties incumbent on the mistress of a family, ought above all things, to enquire whether his intended partner understands the management of the domestic concerns, and is disposed to undertake it. Without this, beauty and virtue, understanding and knowledge, are insufficient. If a wife gives herself no concern about either the kitchen or the cellar, the pantry or the table; either about the linen or the furniture, the culinary or other utensils; if she does not know when and at what prices the articles necessary for housekeeping should be bought in; how and at what seasons to make pickles and preserves; how to keep and examine books of housekeeping and accounts; this neglect, and this ignorance, are productive of circumstances more or less provoking and vexatious, which at length dispel the charm of the most ardent passion in the husband. Sometimes it is the dishonesty or carelessness of servants, at others the discovery of unnecessary waste through mismanagement, that disturbs the peace of the house, or the happiness of the conjugal union.

The mistress of a family, indeed, is not required to be either a cook or a house-maid. But if the circumstances of the husband do not permit him to keep a professed cook of either sex, or he is unable to meet with either one or the other, the mistress of the house ought at least to understand enough of cookery to instruct a kitchen-maid to send up in a proper manner all the common dishes that are

required for the family. In men of letters and men of business the faculties, health, and capacity for exertion are much more intimately connected with a good kitchen than is commonly supposed. The lives of many men have been saved or prolonged by the skill and attention of their wives; others, on the contrary, have been plunged into an untimely grave, or at least their health has been ruined by the unskilfulness of their consorts. It is an art of the highest importance throughout life to know how to prepare simple dishes in such a manner as at once to excite and gratify the appetite of men who lead a sedentary life; and not to oppress or utterly destroy the powers of digestion. When passionate lovers kiss the delicate hands, or the blooming cheeks of the fair objects of their affection, and in their transports vow that neither shall ever again be prophaned by the fire, the smoke, and the duties of the kitchen, the least that can be said of them is, that they know not what they are doing, and women of sense ought immediately to decline the intended honour.

Among the fine arts in which persons of the female sex are instructed, none is of so much real utility to a woman as the noble, if not *fine* art of domestic economy. A woman may be extremely amiable and respectable, without being a proficient either in drawing, singing, or music in general. Among the last mentioned accomplishments, drawing upon the whole deserves the preference, unless a person possesses extraordinary talents for music. Girls ought to receive instructions in drawing, even though their taste may not lie that way, because an acquaintance with its principles exercises through life a favourable influence in the choice of the patterns of articles of furniture and dress. Drawing in crayons, and painting in oil-colours, or in miniature, should only be encouraged when a girl is powerfully and almost irresistibly impelled by her genius to the study of any of those departments of the art. It is only upon the same condition that the playing upon any musical instrument should be approved. A moderate proficiency is soon lost for want of practice in the first years of marriage, and with it all the time and trouble that have been expended in its acquisition. On the contrary, a thorough acquaintance with any instrument, may, after it has long been suspended, be again renewed, and produce pleasing fruits even in advanced age. With singing, the case is very different from instrumental music. A naturally agreeable and flexible voice may, without much expence of time and trouble, be so far improved as to afford very great pleasure in the domestic circle, or in the more numerous company of friends and acquaintances.

ON CUPIDITY.—A DREAM.

I WAS bewildered in the midst of a dark forest, and the beams of the moon scarcely piercing through the thickly interwoven foliage of the trees, threw a doubtful light, which rendered the obscurity of the spot more terrifying. The weakness of a child invaded my soul, and fear exerted a resistless influence over me; every shadow I deemed a phantom; the smallest noise caused my hair to stand an end, and I tottered at every step over the half naked roots of the oldest trees.

Aerial beings, who both eluded my sight and my touch, forced me to follow their guidance. They whispered the most ridiculous tales to my ears which they strenuously attempted to make me believe; they led me in the midst of briars, then mocked my ignorance and credulity, and exulted in the triumph of their malignity. Sometimes they raised an *ignis-fatuus*, to dazzle and deceive me. I vainly toiled to reach a twinkling, but pure and cheering light, which seemed to burn at the end of a long alley; I quickened my steps but when I thought I had gained the extremity of the forest, I found only a small empty space, bounded by an almost impenetrable waste of trees. How many bitter tears I shed during this long and tedious night! Hope and courage at last warmed my heart, and patience and time brought slowly on the enlivening dawn. I then succeeded in getting out of that gloomy forest, the abode of terror and anxiety, and found myself on a spot little calculated to assuage my wonder.

I beheld wide spreading plains rich with the gifts of lavish nature. Never had such delightful prospects greeted my sight. Fatigue and hunger overwhelmed me, but the trees loaded with mellow fruits, and around whose boughs luxuriant vines entwined their flexible arms, whence hung golden clusters, refreshed my eyes and invited my hands. I rushed exulting,

to quench my thirst, and inwardly blessed the Almighty creator of all good, when a man, clad in a strange garb, suddenly stopped my progress. "Ignorant boy," he exclaimed, "one may easily see that thou hast just escaped from the wilds of infancy, and knowest not the customs of the world: read on yonder stone portico the laws which thou must obey, or perish."

Astonishment and indignation swelled my breast when I read that the whole of this fertile land was either let or sold; that I was not allowed to drink, eat, walk, or rest within its limits without first obtaining leave from its possessors; and that notwithstanding the immense extent and fertility of the fields that spread before me, not a single foot of ground could afford me a resting-place, not a single apple appease my thirst, for the whole had been invaded by my predecessors.

I ran the risk of dying with hunger through want of small quicksilver balls, very easily lost, and which that hard-hearted man required in exchange for the productions of the earth. This rascal, thought I inwardly, has no greater right than I to the possession of this land; he is undoubtedly a tyrant, but I am the weakest, and must yield obedience.

I learned that, in order to acquire those quicksilver balls, it was necessary to bear round the body a thick iron chain, terminated by a leaden bullet a hundred times heavier than all the little balls which it was possible to collect. The man who addressed me carried that useful burden; he perceived my embarrassment, and with an accent of affected pity, mingled with pride, exhorted me, if I wished to gratify my appetite, to avail myself of his kindness, and pass round my neck one of the links of his chain until I should be able to carry the whole. I was dying with hunger and thus compelled to obey.

He then presented me some food; and accompanied his gift with a hard fillip on the nose. I grumbled much, but ate abundantly. I still continued to mutter my displeasure, when another man, still more loaded with chains than my master, gave him a box on the ear with all his might. Instead of resenting this affront, my master kissed the hand that had struck him, but at the same time received many of those quicksilver balls which he seemed to prize as the highest good.

I forgot my passion, and could not help exclaiming; "how could you bear such an offence?" He laughed at my ignorance and told me. "You seem very young, my friend, learn that this is one of the customs of the land. Every placeman who bestows a gift, takes care at the same time to gratify his pride or malignity on the person whom he obliges. Though inwardly cursing the blow and its giver, I hid my feelings, and comforted myself with the thought that he who thus insulted me had received many more blows than I, and that I shall have the right by and bye of striking others as I please. But till now I have been sadly unfortunate, scarcely have I now and then been able to inflict a few trifling fillips on my inferiors! What! this astonishes you? poor young fellow! this is no cause for wonder, you shall see much more; come, follow me."

I followed him. "Behold," said he, "yon steep mountains, their summit meets the clouds; there is found the sole object of man's insatiable desires; thence springs the stream of quicksilver, of which I, alas! possess only a few drops. Follow me, let us overcome every obstacle, let us fight and conquer; bear one half of the weighty chains which I am about to impose on myself, the heavier our burden the sooner we shall reach our goal. Oh! if ever I can arrive at that blessed source, and draw some of the wealth it contains, I swear that thou shalt have thy share."

Curiosity, rather than the unfortunate state in which I was placed, incited me to accompany him. Heavens! what a rugged road! what contentions! and how many insults and afflictions were we obliged to bear; I attempted to conceal the blushes which overspread my cheeks, and my leader assumed a smiling face, but I sometimes perceived he bit his lips with inward despair, whilst he cried aloud, "courage, my friend, all is well." Cupidity braced his nerves with more than human strength, and as if I were a link of his chain he dragged me along with him. We reached the mountain's foot through the most indefatigable exertions, but met here with still more powerful opposition. The vales were crowded with men who shook their fetters, and tore from each other, with demonstrations of feigned civility, a few drops of the quicksilver that flowed from the fountain.

I had no hopes of being able to cleave the seemingly impenetrable multitude collected before us, when my master, regardless of right and wrong, struck violently those who stood around him, and inhumanly trod under foot the unhappy beings whom he had knocked down. Shuddering with horror, I beheld their mangled bodies before me, and reluctantly crushed their limbs. I longed to fly; but it was too late, I was forcibly dragged forward. We were stained with blood, and the screams and curses of victims rose incessantly around us, and smote my heart with terror. At last

we ascended the top of a small hill, and my conductor, with a look of exultation, exclaimed:—" Now we prosper; the first step is taken, the first difficulties are overcome, let us not shrink from the remainder. Behold how we made yon wretches behind tumble over each other. Here we must follow a different plan, we are near the fountain, and must proceed more gently, we must skilfully and secretly elbow our rivals out of our way; never spare any one, let us crush the rascals, but avoid giving any public offence.—Such is the courtier's art."

My heart was too much oppressed with grief to allow me to reply; I was ashamed of belonging to this cruel man; I feared lest he should attempt to prove his conduct was right, for he had the example of many to bring forward in his favour. What a dreadful scene of contention and tumult! all the passions were let loose, and every virtue sold, or else covered with ridicule. A black phantom filled the seat of Justice, from which he had driven her, and placed unlawful weights in her scales; and men still sullied with their native dust, mocked the misery of their fellow-creatures, and gathered the admiration and respect of the multitude.

Others rubbed their bodies with quicksilver, and stalked with an erect brow, pride gleaming in their eyes, and debauchery rankling in their hearts; they fancied themselves superior to the rest of men, and despised whoever had not whitened his skin with the same metal: though they did not always strike those whom they met, their gesture was an offence, and their smile an affront, but it often happened that the quicksilver wore off, and they became once more low, submissive, and fawning slaves. Then exulting rivals returned them a hundred fold the scorn and insults which they had formerly received from them; wrath stung their hearts, and impelled them to commit the greatest crimes in order to regain their former state; yet it must be owned that some of them had lost their senses through the fatal effects of the quicksilver. I descried a man who had descended from the summit; overwhelmed by the weight of his quicksilver, he had sunk upon the ground, and remained motionless and entirely wrapt up in admiration, whilst contemplating his whitened limbs, refused either to eat or drink; I wished to assist him in getting up, but he clenched one of his fists as if to defend himself, and with his left hand begged I would favour him with a small quicksilver ball, which would make him die in peace.

A little higher on the mountain, forty rapacious men carried away a large quantity of that precious metal in numerous barrels; they had torn it from the weak hands of women, children, aged men, the industrious, and the poor; it was stained with their blood and bedewed with their tears. These plundering villains commanded an army of robbers, who ransacked the abode of helpless indigence. I remarked that the more they increased their store the more violently their thirst for plunder raged.

The sight filled the bosom of my conductor with emulation. " Hasten, hasten forward," he exclaimed, " I fear thou wert reflecting, from thy fixed and observing glance; let us on. Behold amidst yonder rocks, that delightful spectacle! see how that stream rolls its dazzling white waves adown the rugged crags! Oh, let us run thither, or it may be exhausted before we reach the spot; yet let us beware, the last steps are also the most dangerous. How many for want of caution have been dashed from yon summit into the deep abyss. We may push others in, but must take care lest we should be pushed too. Follow me, I have discovered a safer way."

Whilst speaking thus, he led me towards a narrow path which few people dared to enter; it formed a dark and unequal staircase winding through the rock. We proceeded for some time, when our course was suddenly checked by three marble statues of the purest white; their whiteness alone could persuade me they were not living forms, so exquisite was the art that had produced them. Their arms were entwined together as though they intended to forbid imprudent man to pass beyond fixed limits. They represented Religion, Humanity, and Probity. The following lines were inscribed on their pedestals:—" These statues are the *chefs-d'œuvre* of human art, their originals dwell in heaven. Respect these marble images, O ye men, let them be sacred in your sight, for they close the path that leads to the abyss of destruction. Woe to him who beholds them unaffected; and cursed be the sacrilegious hand that shall dare to destroy them."

I remained in silent respect and admiration, and looked at my rapacious conductor; he seemed awhile confused and undecided, but hearing loud acclamations proclaiming a new eruption of the fountain, his complexion changed to a dark red, and he snatched up a large fragment of the rock. In vain I attempted to check his hand, he overthrew this sacred monument in his impious rage, and rushed over its ruins. I renewed my exertions in a contrary way, and with the strength of despair burst at last the chain which

held us together. "Go," I exclaimed with indignation, "senseless villain, glut thy cupidity, the thunders of heavenly vengeance are ready to blast thy guilt." But he could no longer hear me; I followed him with my eyes, the wretch maddened by his thirst for wealth, whilst attempting to draw some of the precious metal, plunged headlong into the stream. Carried away by the torrent, which he adored as his god, his limbs were dashed against the pointed rocks, and his blood reddened for a few seconds the dazzling whiteness of the rolling waves.

Struck with fear and surprise, I contemplated the melancholy wrecks of the marble statues strewed around me, and unwilling to tread upon them, dared not to leave the spot on which I stood. Tears of sorrow burst from my eyes, I looked towards heaven, and raised my hands in prayer, when a divine power gathered their scattered fragments together, and replaced them unhurt, as noble, majestic, and beautiful as ever on their pedestals. I knelt before these sacred images, which the sacrilegious hand of guilt and impiety shall never destroy.

E. R.

FAMILIAR LETTERS ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

DISPOSITION, QUALITIES, AND TALENTS NECESSARY TO FORM A GOOD PHYSIOGNOMIST.

Pleasant features, a well made shape, a sound constitution, senses replete with acute feelings, easily affected, and transmitting faithfully to the soul the impressions of external objects which they receive, a penetrating, quick, and sure glance, ought to be the chief characteristics of every person who wishes to become a skilful physiognomist.

The acuteness of his senses will lead his mind to make numerous observations, and the spirit of observation will in its turn improve the senses, which it ought also to rule.

Without a sound judgment a physiognomist will never be able either to observe exactly, or to compare the result of his observations, and deduce from them just consequences. The science of physiognomy consists of judgment itself put into practice, and may be called the logic of bodily differences.

To a profound sagacity the physiognomist must join a powerful and lively imagination, and an active mind; for the mind will easily perceive the likeness that exists between the signs expressed by the features of a face and the corresponding meaning of passions or external objects; the mind alone understands and speaks the language of physiognomy.

All the scenes of nature, the different character of nations, the productions of genius, of the arts and sciences, all the varied expressions of languages ought to compose his store of information.

If he wish not to err in his judgment, the art of drawing becomes indispensably necessary, as its assistance will guide and support his imagination. Anatomy and physiology, and the study of constitutions, must also enlarge the sphere of his ideas, and increase his knowledge.

But the most important study is that of the human heart. How attentively he must explore his own! the deeper he dives into its secrets, the more easily will he become acquainted with that of others.

A physiognomist must know the world, and mix with men of every rank and every condition, and observe their conduct under the influence of changing circumstances and events. A retired life does not suit the science of physiognomy, for the sphere of his observations must be as widely extended as possible. To peruse relations of travels which lay open to our gaze the manners of distant nations, to converse with the skilful artists and learned philosophers, to court the company of the virtuous and clever, but not to lose sight of the vicious and ignorant, and especially to study the growing passions of children, will be found powerful, if not indispensable, auxiliaries in acquiring a deep knowledge of physiognomy.

Let us resume in a few words: a physiognomist ought to enjoy a good constitution, and possess a well proportioned figure, the power of observation, a strong imagination, a quick and penetrating mind, and be well versed in the arts and sciences. Firmness tempered by mildness, innocence and the love of peace, must form the characteristics of his soul; his heart must be free from impure and violent passions, and teem with noble and virtuous

sentiments; for how could a man discover the expression of generosity in the features of another, or the signs of great or good qualities, unless he be able to display generous feelings, or perform great actions?

PHYSIOGNOMICAL ANECDOTES.

A virtuous parent, whilst taking leave of his son on the eve of his departure for a distant land, exclaimed:—"All I ask of you, my son, is to bring back with you the same set and expression of features."

A young lady who had never left the peaceful retirement of the country for noisy cities, and whose features beamed with innocence and piety, perceived her face in a mirror at the moment when she had finished her prayer, and was rising to seek her peaceful couch; struck with her own image, she cast down her eyes, whilst a modest blush overspread her cheeks. She spent a winter in town; surrounded with admirers, and carried away by the stream of public amusements, she forgot to perform her usual devotions. At the dawn of spring she returned to the country, repaired to her room, and perceiving her prayer-book on the table, glanced at the mirror, and shrinking from her own features, sunk instantly upon her knees. "Gracious Heaven!" she exclaimed, "I can know myself no longer, I am so altered! my face bears the impression of my foolish vanity. How is it that I did not remark it sooner? In the midst of peace and retirement, in the sweet exercise of piety and benevolence, I will try to resume my wonted looks."

"I will give my life that yonder man is a rascal," exclaimed Titus, pointing to the priest Tacitus. "I saw him weeping and sobbing three times, when nothing could cause a tear to flow, and turning his face away to hide a smile when vices or calamities were mentioned."

"How much do you think my face is worth?" asked a stranger of a physiognomist. The answer was,—that the moral value of a face could not easily be reduced into money. "It is worth two hundred pounds," the other replied, "for that sum has been lent me upon it."

The following anecdote is taken from *Les Eloges des Savans.*—A foreigner, whose name was Kubisse, was so struck with a portrait whilst passing through Mr. Delanges' apartments, that he remained stationary before it, and forgot to follow us. A quarter of an hour had elapsed when we perceived his absence; we hastened back after him, and found him still contemplating the same picture. "What is your opinion of this portrait," enquired Mr. Delanges, "is it not that of a very handsome woman?" "Yes;" answered Mr. Kubisse, "but if it be a likeness, the original must be an atrocious wretch." It was an exact likeness of La Brinvilliers, celebrated for poisoning, and as well known on account of her beauty as her crimes, which led her to the scaffold.

A friend of Count T—'s, who lives at W—, visited him one morning with a face which he attempted to enliven by a smile. After having transacted the business which caused this visit, he was about to withdraw, when the Count refused to let him go. "It is very strange you would wish to keep me here," exclaimed his friend; "I tell you I must go."—"You shall not leave my room," the Count replied; and at the same time locked the door. "What, for Heaven's sake, can you mean by this?"—"I read in your features that you intend to commit a bad action."—"Who, I! what, do you think me capable of—" "You intend to commit a murder, or else I am blind" The visitor grew pale, owned the truth, and gave the Count a loaded pistol he had in his pocket, unfolding at the same time the reasons which would have led him to suicide. The Count generously relieved his friend from the painful situation in which he was placed.

A beggar stopped a passenger in the street, and preferred his humble request. "How much do you want?" said the passenger, struck with his physiognomy. "How should I dare to tell you all I want," the beggar replied; "give me what you please, and I shall be grateful for the smallest alms."—"No, indeed, you must tell me what you would wish to have, and let it be ever so much, or so little, fear nothing, you shall have it."—"Well then, let me have fourpence."—"Here they are; had had you asked four pounds, you should have had them the same."

[*To be continued.*]

MODE OF SOFTENING CONTROVERSY.

MR. EDITOR,

IN Fabroni's *Life of Mazochi*, I met with an anecdote which pleased me much. That learned man had been betrayed into unseemly asperity of language in some controversies in which he was engaged. Sensible of the fault, when he was apprised of an attack made upon a new publication of his, he requested a friend to peruse the piece, and draw up a summary of the arguments, omitting all personal and extraneous matter. These he set down and answered, without feeling any temptation to deviate from the calmness of a mere argumentative debate. Whatever irritating expressions there might be in the work of his antagonist, they were all dropt, and nothing came before him but objections stated in the way of a friend.

This, I think, would be an excellent method to be pursued by all those who cannot regard an opponent in any other light than that of an enemy, or who are unable to preserve their temper when assailed by illiberality and abuse. A man of a warm disposition, in his impatience of insults, is ready to say, like M. Harpin, in Moliere, "*Moi, me plaindre doucement!*" Even among the philosophers there are, I fear, very few who would be able to persevere in the cool indifference to abuse displayed by the writer who thus began his reply to an adversary:—"Your work consists of railing and reasoning; to the railing I say nothing—to the reasoning I answer as follows." Although such forbearance is found by experience to be uncommon, I am rather surprised that it should be so, considering the manifest superiority it gives to the party practising it. Who does not feel that there is a grandeur in thus treating with silent contempt the effusions of petulance or malignity, which is forfeited by the most successful retaliation? Were the object even to mortify a quarrelsome antagonist in the most sensible manner, it would generally be most effectually attained by passing over his provocation without notice. There are many to whom a war of words is an agreeable exercise. They thrive by such contention, and are perfectly willing to take their share of reproachful language, provided they gain an opportunity of returning it with interest. I heard of a lady of free speech, who found herself often provoked to employ her vituperative powers on her husband. His method was always to take up his fiddle and play her a tune, without opening his lips, whilst she was bursting with vexation. Her violence, augmented by his tranquillity, at length brought her to her death-bed; but when near expiring, "I think," said she, "I could recover yet, if the fellow would but answer me:" this remedy, however, he was not at all inclined to administer.

To return to the prudent expedient of Mazochi.—One who should be unprovided with a friend capable of serving him in the manner mentioned, might, perhaps, perform a similar office for himself, by resolutely turning over every page of his opponent, which a glance of the eye should inform him to contain nothing but personalities, and stopping only at the argumentative parts, which, to make sure of them, he might cut out, and study by themselves. At any rate, a controversialist who is conscious of being prone to irritation, might make it a rule never to publish a reply without first committing it to the examination of some sober friend, who should have full authority to expunge every word he did not approve. There is no doubt that this would operate as a sufficient *damper*: for there are few who cannot with tolerable patience bear the abuse levelled at a friend.

I remember a comic instance of the cooling efficacy of a medium of transmission in a scolding match. The late Dr. R. F. when he first settled in this country, brought over a wife and a numerous family, not one of whom, except his eldest son George, knew a word of English. It was not long before misunderstandings arose between the mistress and the servants; and one morning a lodger in the house was witness to the following scene:—Mrs. F. stood at her chamber door, the maid at the stair-foot, and George upon the landing-place. The lady, in harsh Teutonic, thundered invectives, which George translated in their passage, "My mother says you are a thief, and a slut, and a naughty woman." The wench, in an equally loud key, retorted that her mistress was a liar, a slanderer, and so forth; which George, with the same fidelity, and in the same calm unvaried tone, translated to his mother. Thus the dialogue was divested of all the accessory violence of speech and gesture, and passion soon subsided for want of fuel. I should suppose that the discussions of plenipotentiaries by means of interpreters enjoy a similar advantage; otherwise, the mutual complaints of rough and uncivilized people might be apt to bring their respective agents to blows. Yours, &c.

L.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

EXTRACTS FROM

MARMION; *or*, *A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.*

BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

CHARACTER OF LORD MARMION.

Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,
Proudly his red-roan charger trod,
His helm hung at the saddle bow;
Well, by his visage, you might know
He was a stalworth knight and keen,
And had in many a battle been;
The scar on his brown cheek reveal'd
A token true of Bosworth field;
His eye-brow dark, and eye of fire,
Shew'd spirit proud, and prompt to ire;
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek,
Did deep design and counsel speak.
His forehead by his casque worn bare,
His thick moustache, and curly hair,
Coal-black, and grizzled here and there,
But more through toil than age;
His square-turn'd joints, and strength of limb,
Shewed him no carpet knight so trim,
But, in close fight, a champion grim,
In camps, a leader sage.

Well was he armed from head to heel,
In mail, and plate, of Milan steel;
But his strong helm, of mighty cost,
Was all with burnish'd gold emboss'd;
Amid the plumage of the crest,
A falcon hovered on her nest,
With wings outspread, and forward breast;
E'en such a falcon, on his shield,
Soared sable in an azure field:
The golden legend bore aright,
"*Who checks at me, to death is dight.*"
Blue was the charger's broidered rein;
Blue ribbons decked his arching mane;
The knightly housing's ample fold
Was velvet blue, and trapp'd with gold.

SIR DAVID LINDESAY'S TALE.

It chanced as fell the second night,
That on the battlements they walked,
And, by the slowly fading light,
Of varying topics talked;
And, unaware, the Herald-bard
Said, Marmion might his toil have spared,
In travelling so far;
For that a messenger from heaven
In vain to James had counsel given
Against the English war:
And closer questioned, thus he told
A tale which chronicles of old
In Scottish story have enrolled:—
Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
In Scotland, far beyond compare
Linlithgow is excelling;
And in its park, in jovial June,
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
How blithe the blackbird's lay!
The wild buck bells from ferny brake,
The coot dives merry on the lake,
The saddest heart might pleasure take
To see all nature gay.
But June is to our Sovereign dear
The heaviest month in all the year:
Too well his cause of grief you know,—
June saw his father's overthrow.
Woe to the traitors, who could bring
The princely boy against his King!
Still in his conscience burns the sting.
In offices as strict as Lent,
King James's June is ever spent.

When last this ruthful month was come,
And in Linlithgow's holy dome
The King, as wont, was praying;
While for his royal father's soul
The chaunters sung, the bells did toll,
The Bishop mass was saying—
For now the year brought round again
The day the luckless king was slain—
In Katharine's aisle the monarch knelt,
With sackcloth-shirt, and iron belt,
And eyes with sorrow streaming;
Around him, in their stalls of state,
The Thistle's Knight-Companions sate,
Their banners o'er them beaming.
I too was there, and, sooth to tell,
Bedeafened with the jangling knell,
Was watching where the sunbeams fell,
Through the stained casement gleaming;
But, while I marked what next befel,
It seemed as I were dreaming.
Stepped from the crowd a ghostly wight,
In azure gown, with cincture white;
His forehead bald, his head was bare,
Down hung at length his yellow hair.—

Now mock me not, when, good my Lord,
I pledge to you my knightly word,
That, when I saw his placid grace,
His simple majesty of face,
His solemn bearing, and his pace
  So stately gliding on;
Seemed to me ne'er did limner paint
So just an image of the Saint,
Who propped the Virgin in her faint,—
  The lov'd apostle John.

He stepped before the monarch's chair,
And stood with rustic plainness there,
  And little reverence made;
Nor head, nor body, bowed nor bent,
But on the desk his arm he leant,
  And words like these he said,
In a low voice,—but never tone
So thrilled through vein, and nerve, and bone:
  "My mother sent me from afar,
  Sir King, to warn thee not to war,—
    Woe waits on thine array;
  If war thou wilt, of woman fair,
  Her witching wiles and wanton snare,
  James Stuart, doubly warned, beware:
    God keep thee as he may!"—
  The wondering monarch seemed to seek
  For answer, and found none;
  And when he raised his head to speak,
    The monitor was gone.
  The Marshal and myself had cast
  To stop him, as he outward past;
  But lighter than the whirlwind's blast
    He vanished from our eyes,
  Like sunbeam on the billow cast,
    That glances but, and dies.

While Lindesay told this marvel strange,
  The twilight was so pale,
He marked not Marmion's colour change,
  While listening to the tale:
But, after a suspended pause,
The Baron spoke:—"Of nature's laws
  So strong I held the force,
That never super-human cause
  Could e'er controul their course;
And, three days since, had judged your aim
Was but to make your guest your game.
But I have seen, since past the Tweed,
What much has changed my sceptic creed,
And made me credit aught."—He said,
And seemed to wish his words unsaid:
  But by that strong emotion pressed,
  Which prompts us to unload our breast,
    Even when discovery's pain,
  To Lindesay did at length unfold
  The tale his village host had told,
    At Gifford, to his train.
Nought of the Palmer says he there,
And nought of Constance, or of Clare:

The thoughts, which broke his sleep, he seems
To mention but as feeverish dreams.

  "In vain," said he, "to rest I spread
My burning limbs, and couched my head,
  Fantastic thoughts returned;
And, by their wild dominion led,
  My heart within me burned.
So sore was the delirious goad,
I took my steed, and forth I rode,
And, as the moon shone bright and cold,
Soon reached the camp upon the wold.
The southern entrance I passed through,
And halted, and my bugle blew.
Methought an answer met my ear,—
Yet was the blast so low and drear,
So hollow, and so faintly blown,
It might be echo of my own.

  Thus judging for a little space
  I listened, ere I left the place;
    But scarce could trust my eyes,
  Nor yet can think they served me true,
  When sudden in the ring I view,
  In form distinct of shape and hue,
    A mounted champion rise.—
  I've fought, Lord-Lion, many a day,
  In single fight, and mixed affray,
  And ever, I myself may say,
    Have borne me as a knight;
  But when this unexpected foe
  Seemed starting from the gulph below,—
  I care not though the truth I show,—
    I trembled with affright;
  And as I placed in rest my spear,
  My hand so shook for very fear,
    I scarce could couch it right.

"Why need my tongue the issue tell?
We ran our course,—my charger fell;—
What could he 'gainst the shock of hell?
  I rolled upon the plain.
High o'er my head, with threatening hand,
The spectre shook his naked brand,—
    Yet did the worst remain;
My dazzled eyes I upward cast,—
Not opening hell itself could blast
    Their sight, like what I saw.
Full on his face the moonbeam strook,—
A face could never be mistook!
I knew the stern vindictive look,
    And held my breath for awe.
I saw the face of one who, fled
To foreign climes, has long been dead,—
    I well believe the last;
For ne'er, from visor raised, did stare
A human warrior, with a glare
    So grimly and so ghast.
Thrice o'er my head he shook the blade;
But when to good Saint George I prayed,
(The first time e'er I asked his aid,)

He plunged it in the sheath;
And, on his courser mounting light,
He seemed to vanish from my sight:
The moon beam drooped, and deepest night
Sunk down upon the heath.—
'Twere long to tell what cause I have
To know his face, that met me there,
Called by his hatred from the grave,
To cumber upper air:
Dead, or alive, good cause had he
To be my mortal enemy."—

Marvelled Sir David of the Mount;
Then, learned in story, 'gan recount
Such chance had hap'd of old,
When once, near Norham, there did fight
A spectre fell, of fiendish might,
In likeness of a Scottish knight,
With Brian Bulmer bold,
And trained him nigh to disallow
The aid of his baptismal vow.
"And such a phantom, too, 'tis said,
With Highland broad-sword, targe, and plaid,
And fingers red with gore,
Is seen in Rothiemurcus glade,
Or where the sable pine-trees shade
Dark Tomantoul, and Achnaslaid,
Dromouchty, or Glenmore.
And yet, whate'er such legends say,
Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,
On mountain, moor, or plain,
Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,
True son of chivalry should hold
These midnight terrors vain;
For seldom have such spirits power
To harm, save in the evil hour,
When guilt we meditate within,
Or harbour unrepented sin."—
Lord Marmion turned him half aside,
And twice to clear his voice he tried,
Then pressed Sir David's hand,—
But nought, at length, in answer said;
And here their farther converse staid,
Each ordering that his band
Should bowne them with the rising day,
To Scotland's camp to take their way,—
Such was the King's command.

LOCHINVAR.—LADY HERON'S SONG.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broad-sword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!—

" She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar.

REFLECTIONS.

Ah! who has power to say,
To-morrow's sun shall warmer glow,
And o'er this gloomy vale of woe
Diffuse a brighter ray?

Ah! who is ever sure,
Though all that can the soul delight
This hour enchants the wandering sight,
These raptures will endure?

Is there in life's dull toil,
One moment certain of repose,
One ray to dissipate our woes,
And bid reflection smile?

What is the mind of man?
A chaos where the passions blend,
Unconscious where the mass will end,
Or when it first began!

In childhood's thoughtless hours,
We frolic through the sportive day!
Each path enchanting, sunny, gay,
All deck'd with gaudy flow'rs.

In life's maturer prime
We wander still in search of peace;
And, as our weary toils increase,
Fade in the glooms of time.

From scene to scene we stray,
Still courting Pleasure's fickle smile,
Which, though delighting to beguile,
Still farther glides away.

We seek Hope's gentle aid,
We think the lovely phantom pours
Her balmy incense on those flowe s,
Which blossom but to fade!

We court love's thrilling dart,
And when we think our joys supreme,
We find its raptures but a gleam—
Its boon a wounded heart.

We pant for glittering fame,
And when pale envy blots the page
That might have charm'd a future age,
We find 'tis but a name.

We toil for paltry ore,
And when we gain the golden prize,
And death appears!—with aching eyes
We view the useless store.

We bask in friendship's beam,
And when malignant cares assail,
And fortune's fickle favours fail,
We find 'tis but a dream!

We search for idle joy;
Intemperance leads to sure decay;
The brightest prospects fade away,
The sweetest—soonest cloy.

How frail is beauty's bloom!
The dimpled cheek,—the sparkling eye,
Scarce seen, before their wonders fly
To decorate a tomb!

Then since this fleeting breath
Is but the Zephyr of a day;
Let conscience make each minute gay,
And brave the shafts of death!

And let the generous mind,
With pity view the erring throng,
Applaud the right, forgive the wrong,
And feel for all mankind.

For who, alas! shall say,
" To-morrow's sun shall warmer glow,
" And o'er this gloomy vale of woe
" Diffuse a brighter ray."

ON HEARING A YOUNG LADY SING

" Nobody comes to Woo."

Elizabeth warbled so sweetly—
" Oh! nobody comes to woo;"
I sigh'd—then with rapture exclaim'd—
" Eliza!—it cannot be true!

" Has Cupid his arrows thrown by?—
" Have turtles forgot how to coo?—
" Are swains quite estranged from love?—
" Eliza!—it cannot be true!"

If miter'd, or crown'd, was my head,
And 'Liza should smile and prove true,—
I'd fly on the wings of a dove,
Eliza to court and to woo.

G.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR MARCH.

COVENT-GARDEN.

ON Thursday, February 25th, a new musical farce was brought forward at this theatre, the avowed production of Mr. Allingham, intitled, *Who Wins? or, The Widow's Choice.*—The following are the characters and outline of the piece:

Iambic Extempore, Esq. (a poor poet ....)	Mr. FAWCETT.
Caper (a wealthy merchant)	Mr. LISTON.
Friendly	Mr. CHAPMAN.
Matthew Mole	Mr. SIMMONS.
Trust	Mr. DENMAN.
The Widow Bellair	Mrs. C. KEMBLE.
Miss Serena Softly	Mrs. LISTON.
Lisette	Miss DE CAMP.

The whole property of a deceased gentleman is left to the *Widow Bellair*, his niece, on condition that she marries one of his two nephews *(Extempore* and *Caper)*, and her choice is to be fixed by a throw of the dice, with a proviso, that should she refuse the winner, the property shall be divided between his nephews; and, should they both refuse her, she is to be entitled to the whole. The widow, having assumed the name of her waiting-maid *(Lisette)* in that disguise arrives first at the house of her deceased uncle, and delivers a letter, as from the widow, to excuse her attendance; but fearing she may be discovered by a portrait in the room, she procures *Friendly* (her agent) to substitute in its place that of her grand-aunt. Her cousins arrive, and throw the dice, *Extempore* has the highest throw; and expressing his doubts to *Mole* (the steward) whether the prize is worth his acceptance, *Matthew* shews him the wrong portrait, declaring it to be an exact resemblance of the widow. The poor poet having a prepossession in favour of the supposed *Lisette*, and being disgusted with the picture, disposes of his right to the widow and fortune to *Caper* for 1000l. and signs a paper, refusing to marry her. The widow having discovered *Extempore's* disinterested sentiments, and learning what has just passed, has recourse to a stratagem, by which she obtains from *Caper* a written refusal to marry her, and being thus left to her free choice, she declares in favour of *Extempore.*

This story, ridiculously improbable as it is, is not altogether new. The under-plot of the opera of *Two Faces Under a Hood*, appears to have furnished the ground-work of this piece, which may, however, be considered as a humourous trifle, not calculated to sustain much weight of criticism. The dialogue is animated, and some of the songs very whimsical.—The music, sufficiently sprightly, is said to be the production of Mr. Condell. Of the acting and singing, the chief humour lies with Fawcett, Liston, and Mrs. Charles Kemble, in the two Lovers and the Widow. The whole performance went off with applause to a very numerous audience.

DRURY-LANE.

ON Tuesday, March 1st, a new musical farce was performed at this theatre, intitled "*In and Out of Tune*," melodized by Mr. Corri.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Old Discord	Mr. DOWTON.
Meshec	Mr. WEWITZER.
Cornet Gorget	Mr. DE CAMP.
Corporal Mullowney	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Dingy (a Negro Servant) ...	Mr. MATHEWS.
Charles (Sons of Discord)	Mr. GIBBON.
Edward (Sons of Discord)	Mr. WEST.
Watchmen	Messrs. SMITH & MILLER.
Margaretta (a Scotch Lady)	Miss DUNCAN.
Rosa (Daughter to Discord)	Miss LYON.
Sally	Mrs. BLAND.

The story is simply that of an old rich Attorney, distracted by a *musico-mania* that has seized his whole family, from the garret to the cellar—in one of the paroxysms of which, his daughter is carried off by a young officer, who owes him a considerable sum of money, being the amount of a debt which he had purchased of a Jew. These slight materials, which are ill put together, were scarcely tolerated till the fall of the curtain, in consideration of the music, which, to say nothing more of it, is pretty. Miss Duncan sung a pleasing Scotch air, and Johnstone an Irish ditty, which was *encored*. But the incidents introduced are so grossly vulgar, and the dialogue so meagre, as to have roused the indignation, and tired the patience of the audience early in the second act. At the dropping of the curtain it was withdrawn for alterations.